17

BLONDE PHANTOM

COMICS

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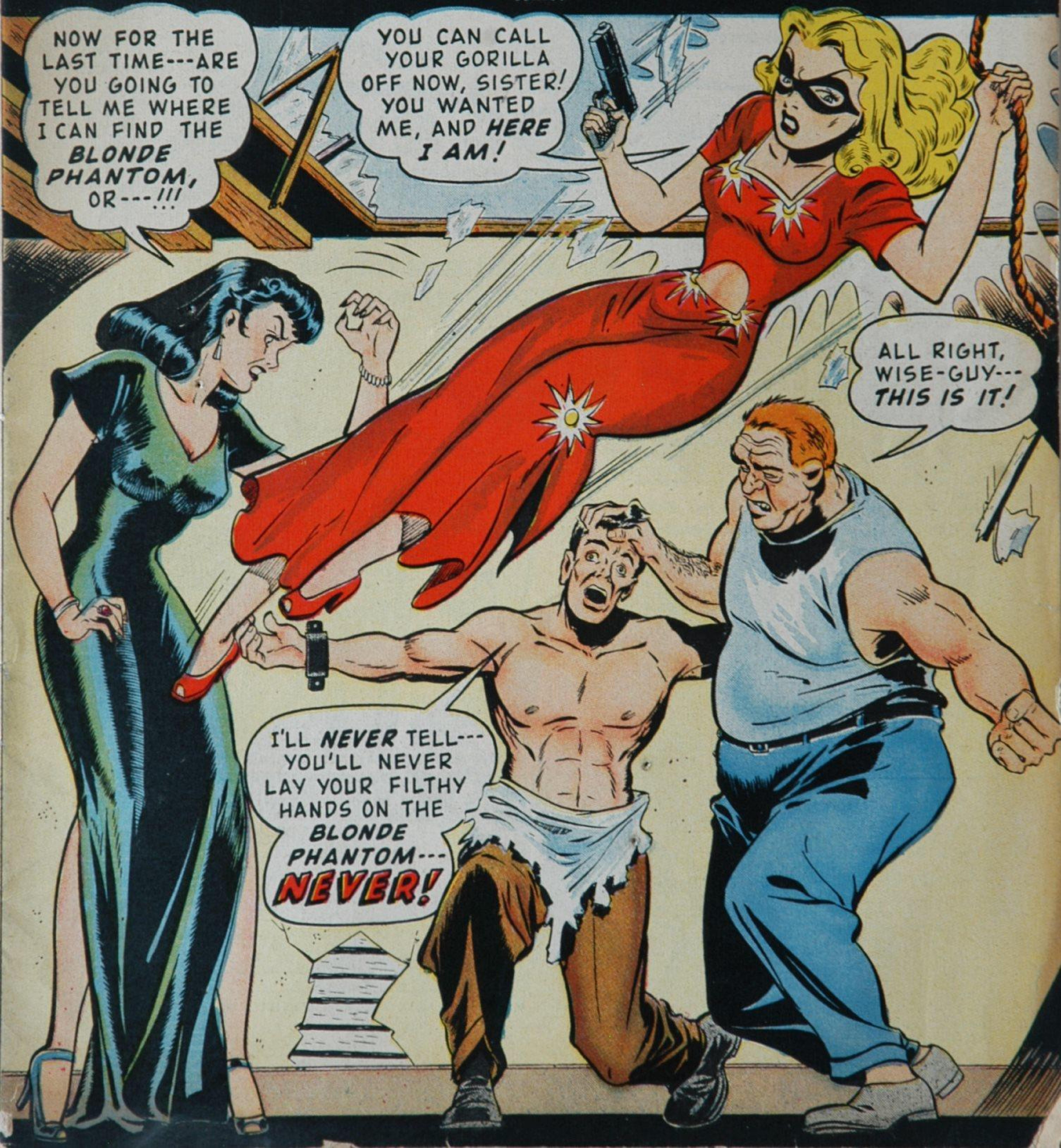
NOW FOR THE LAST TIME---ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE *BLONDE PHANTOM*, OR---!!!
YOU CAN CALL YOUR GORILLA OFF NOW, SISTER! YOU WANTED ME, AND *HERE I AM!*
ALL RIGHT, WISE-GUY--- *THIS IS IT!*
I'LL *NEVER* TELL--- YOU'LL NEVER LAY YOUR FILTHY HANDS ON THE *BLONDE PHANTOM*--- NEVER!

NOW! ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES IN 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING VOLUME! FOR ONLY 25¢

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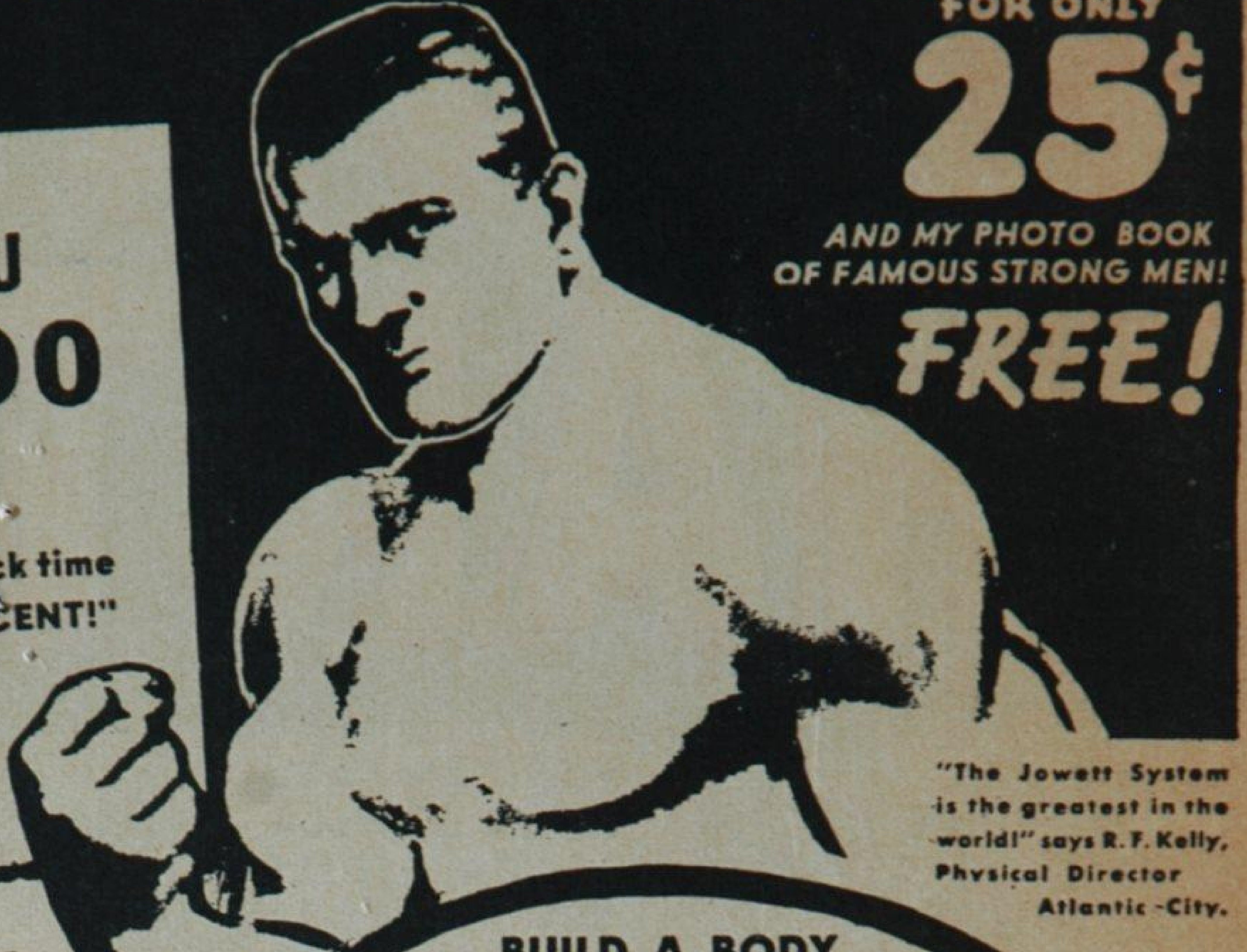
says *George F. Jowett* whom experts call the WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



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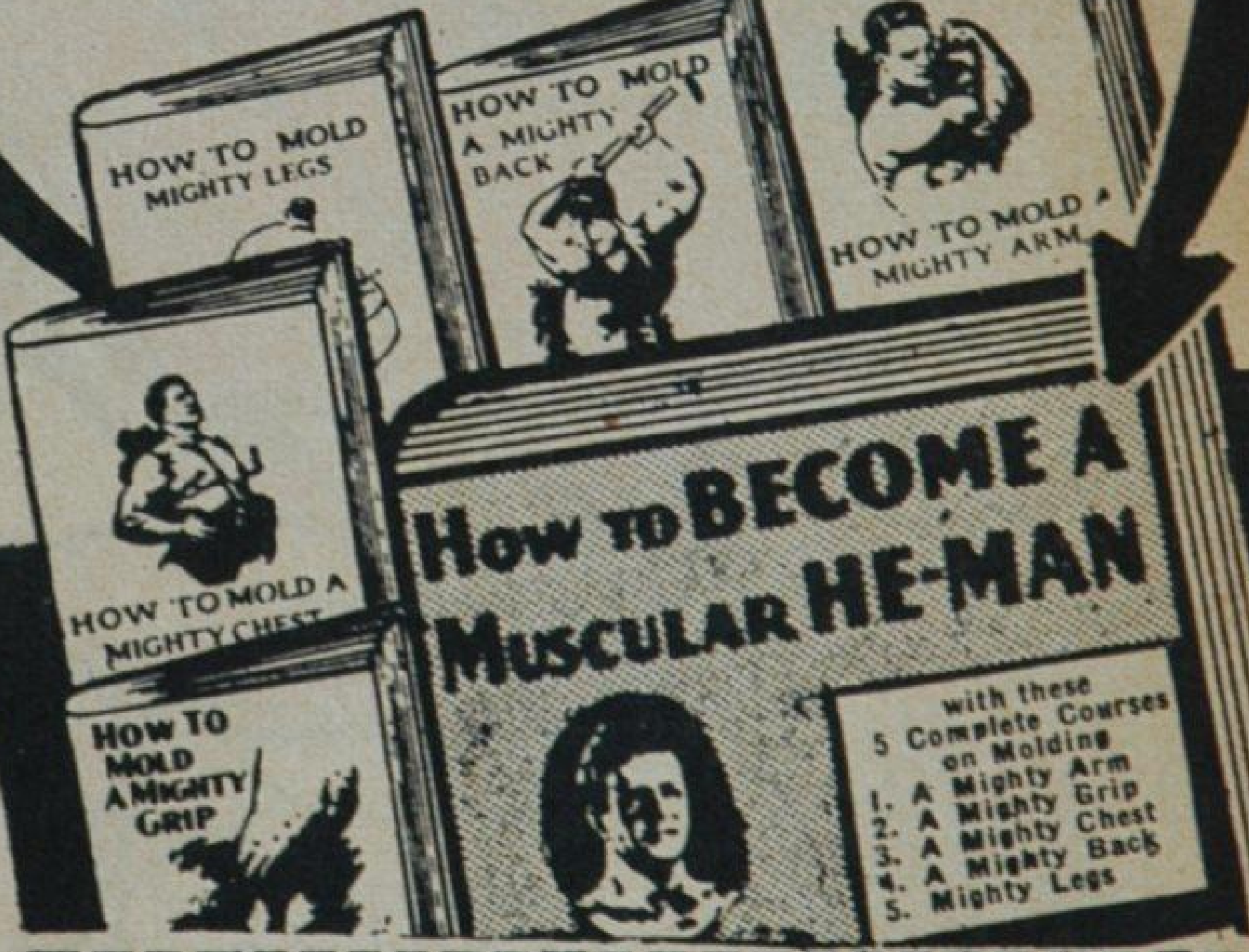

HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
HOW TO BECOME A MUSCULAR HE-MAN
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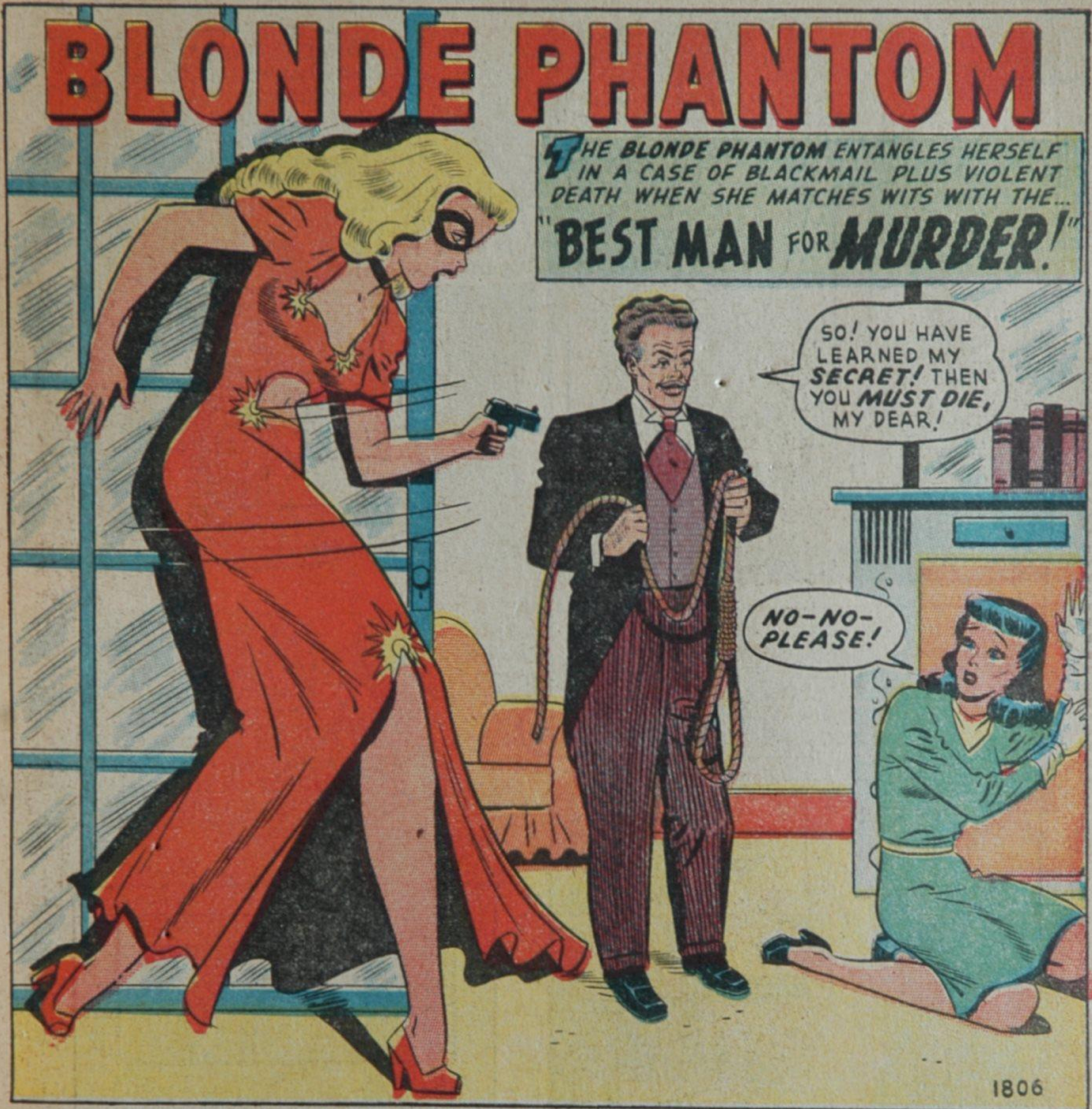
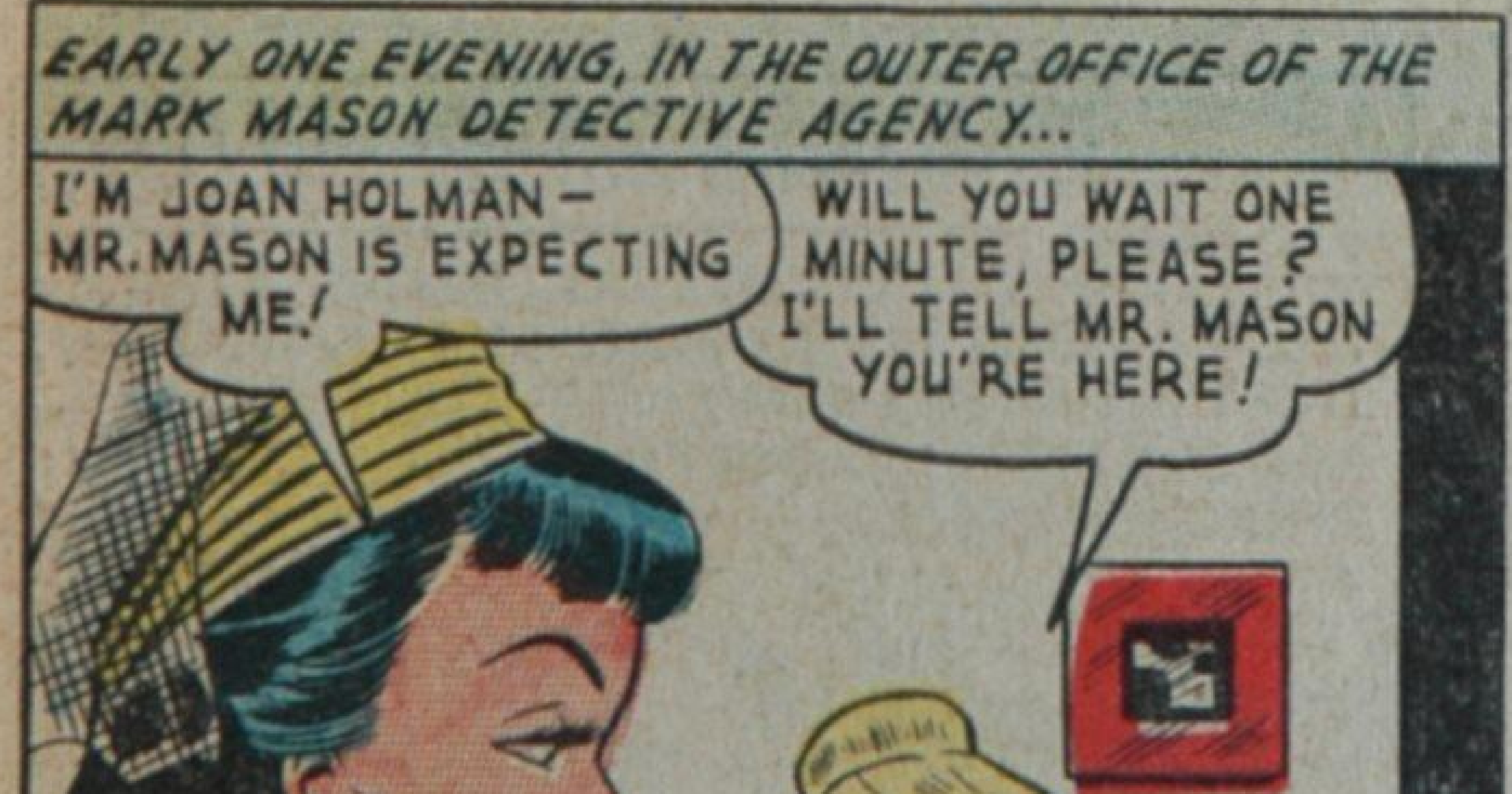
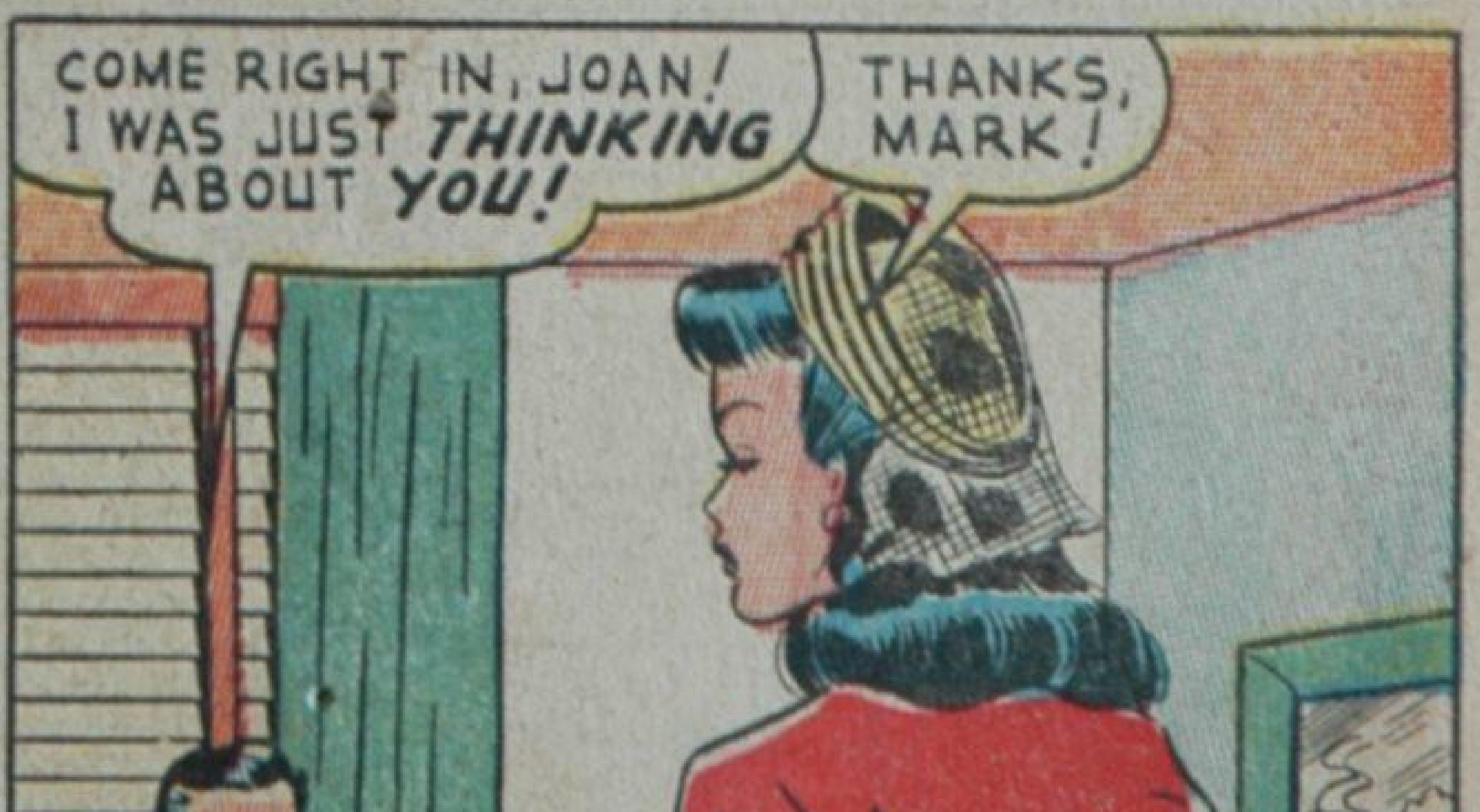

BLONDE PHANTOM
THE BLONDE PHANTOM ENTANGLES HERSELF IN A CASE OF BLACKMAIL PLUS VIOLENT DEATH WHEN SHE MATCHES WITS WITH THE... "BEST MAN FOR MURDER!"
SO! YOU HAVE LEARNED MY SECRET! THEN YOU MUST DIE, MY DEAR!
NO-NO-PLEASE!
1806

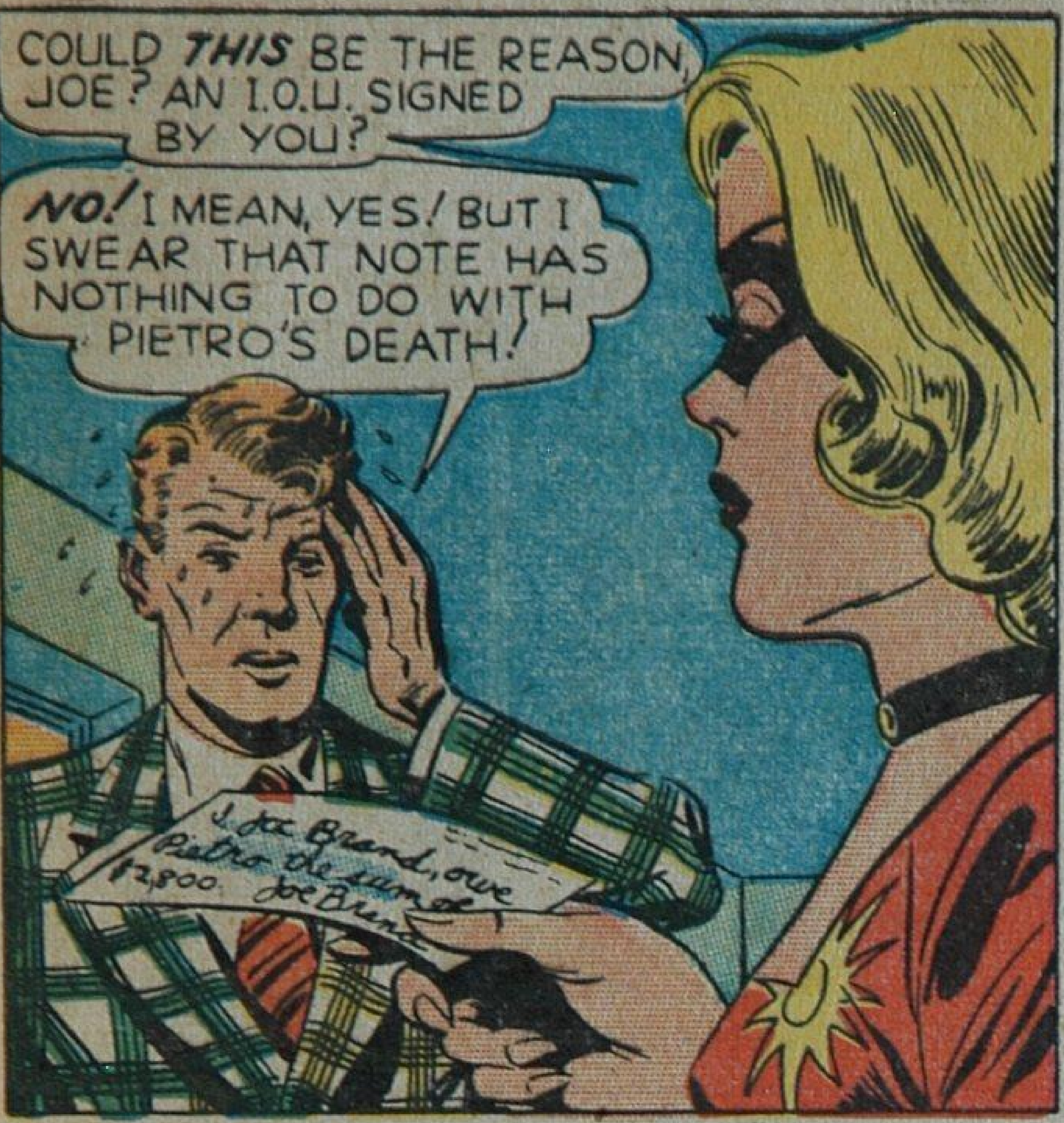

EARLY ONE EVENING, IN THE OUTER OFFICE OF THE MARK MASON DETECTIVE AGENCY...
I'M JOAN HOLMAN-MR. MASON IS EXPECTING ME!
WILL YOU WAIT ONE MINUTE, PLEASE? I'LL TELL MR. MASON YOU'RE HERE!

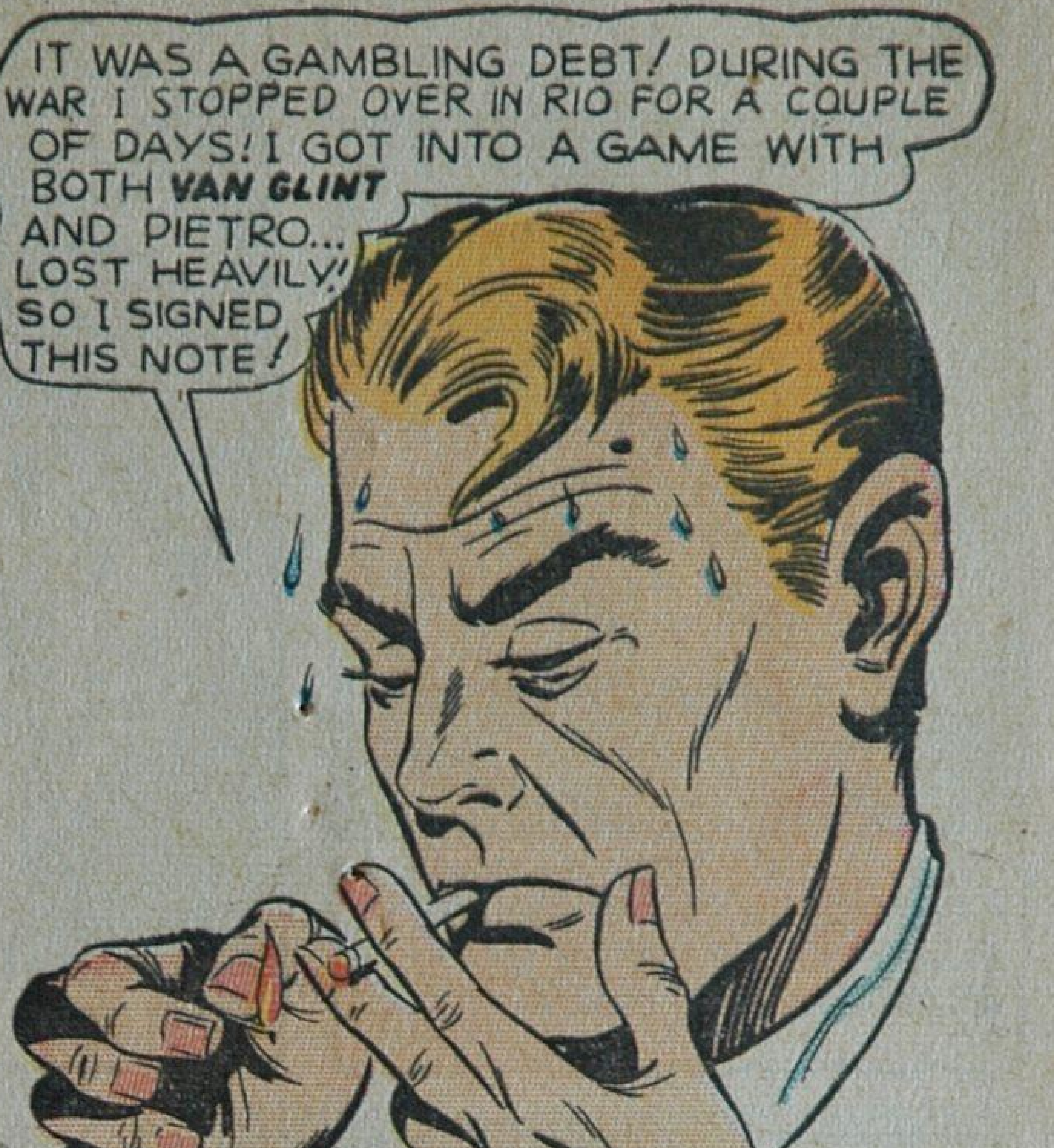

COME RIGHT IN, JOAN! I WAS JUST THINKING ABOUT YOU!
THANKS, MARK!
1

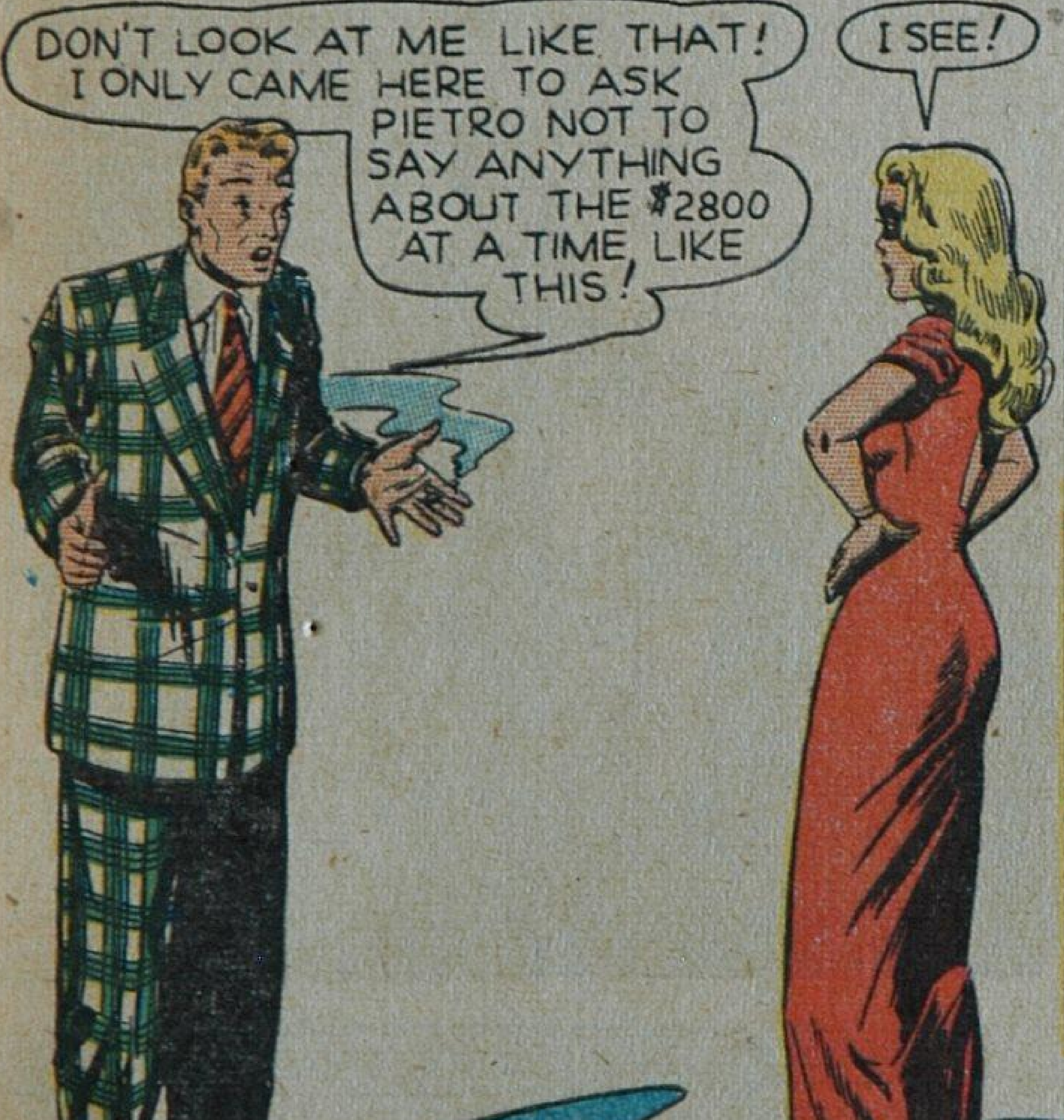
OUTSIDE, LOUISE HEARS...
BUT, MARK— MY FIANCÉ, JOE BRAND, COULDN'T HAVE KILLED CECILY HARDING!
HE COULD HAVE KILLED HER, JOAN! ONLY NEITHER OF US BELIEVES HE DID!
IMAGINE JOAN GIVING UP A MILLION DOLLAR COSMETICS BUSINESS TO MARRY A CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART!
BUT JOE IS A BRIGHT YOUNG DETECTIVE ON THE POLICE FORCE— A WAR HERO! I LOVE HIM, AND...
ONCE AGAIN, JOAN...LAST NIGHT YOU AND YOUR BUSINESS MANAGER VAN GLINT HAD DINNER WITH CECILY! A FUSE BLEW OUT! AND IN THE DARKNESS, CECILY WAS STABBED! WHOEVER TOOK HER LIFE, ALSO TOOK HER RUBY PENDANT!
ONLY ONE PERSON LEFT THE ROOM OF THE MURDER BEFORE THE HOMICIDE SQUAD ARRIVED—JOE BRAND! (CLICK
SO JOE IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING THE RUBY BEFORE A SEARCH WAS MADE!
THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT, LOUISE!
OKAY, MARK! SEE YOU IN THE MORNING!
A SHORT TIME LATER, MARK MASON'S PRIM SECRETARY BECOMES THIS LOVELY LADY OF MYSTERY...
ACCORDING TO JOAN'S STORY, THERE WERE TWO OTHER MEN PRESENT THAT NIGHT VAN GLINT, HER BUSINESS MANAGER AND PIETRO, HER PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHER! FIRST I'LL CALL ON PIETRO!

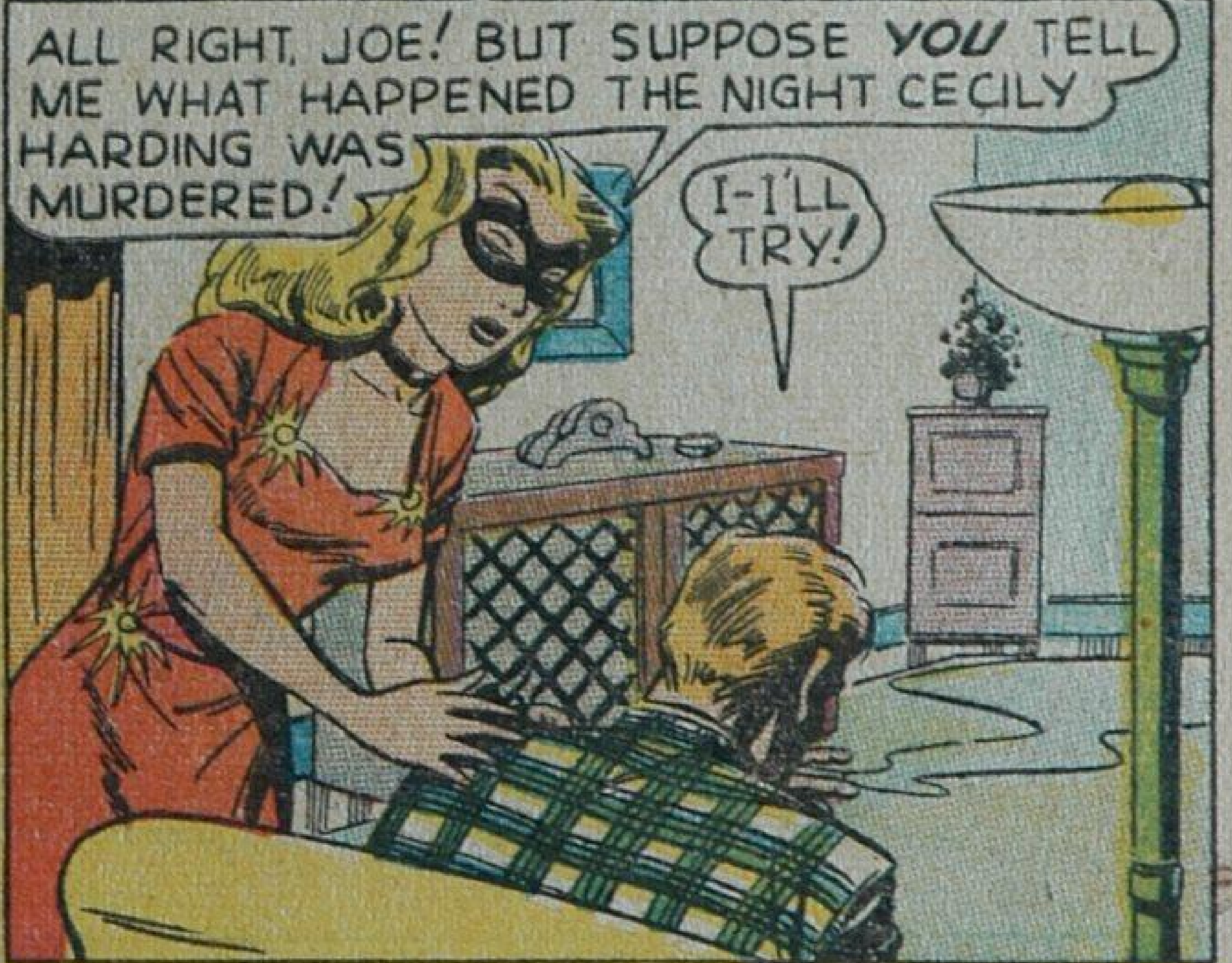
MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, PIETRO IS ALREADY BUSY WITH A CALLER...
WHAT COLOSSAL BLUNDERING, PIETRO ILLUMINATING MY VILLAINY WITH A FLASH BULB!
I TELL YOU, **VAN GLINT, NOBODY** SAW ANYTHING, **EXCEPT ME!** EVERYBODY IN FRONT OF THE BULB WAS BLINDED!
SO, NOW GIVE ME THE RUBY YOU SO NEATLY HID IN YOUR CAMERA!
NOT SO FAST, FANCY PANTS!
SOMETHING NEITHER YOU NOR THE POLICE KNOWS IS THE FACT THAT I ACTUALLY **DID TAKE A PICTURE OF YOU KILLING CECILY HARDING!**
DEAR ME-NO!
DEAR ME-**YES!** AND YOU KNOW HOW MUCH SUCH A PICTURE INCREASES THE VALUE OF THE RUBY I HELPED TO STEAL!
I DO BELIEVE YOU'RE TRYING TO BLACKMAIL ME!
HOWEVER, I EXPECTED THIS VERY THING! AND ALREADY I HAVE RETRIEVED THE PHOTO NEGATIVES YOU CHECKED IN A PUBLIC LOCKER!
HEY, VAN GLINT-DON'T GET SORE!
NO-O-O! PLEASE! OH-H...
CRACK!
ONLY A SILENCED AUTOMATIC MAKES A SOUND LIKE THAT!

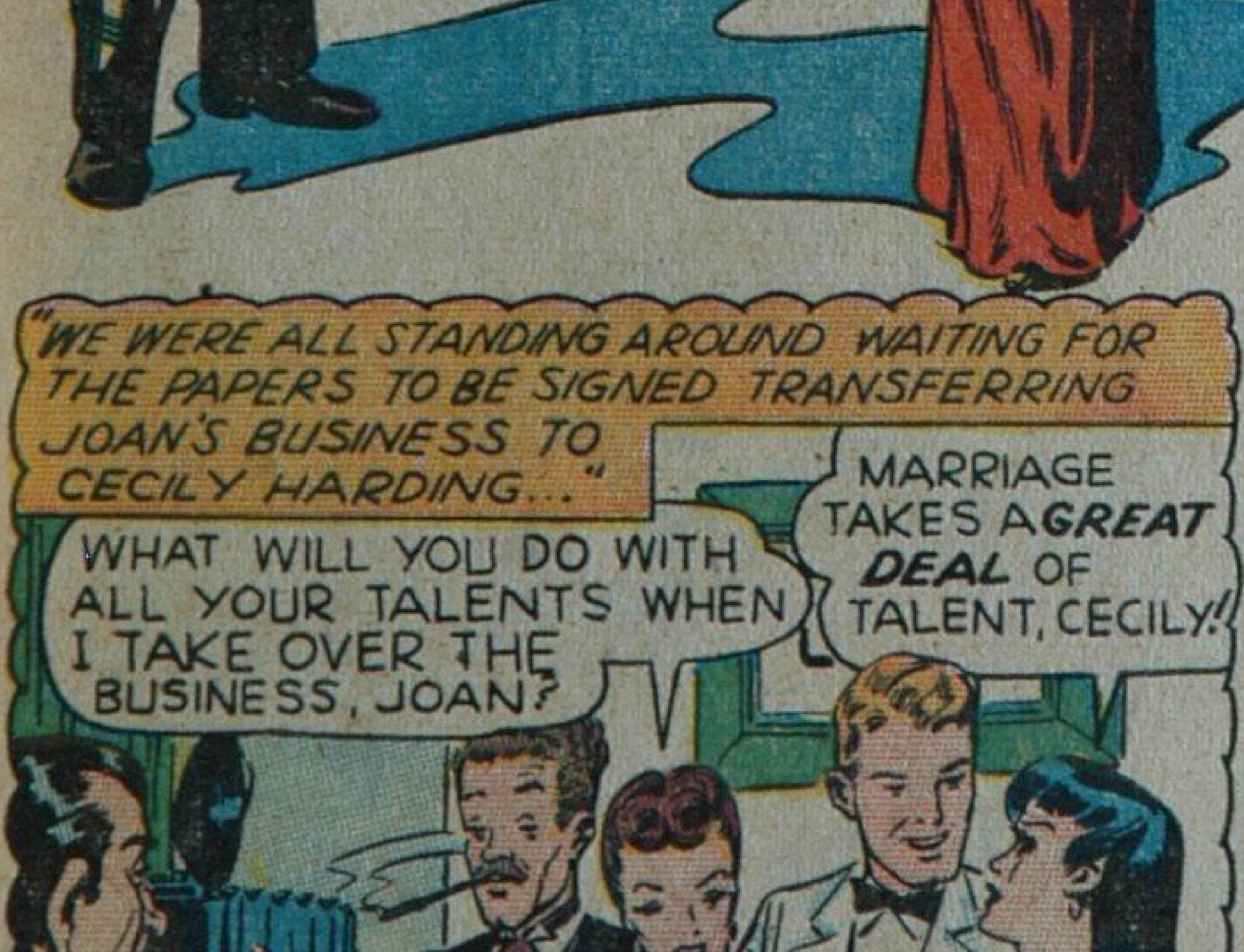
PIETRO -SHOT! AND SOMEBODY JUST DASHED OUT THE FIRE ESCAPE!
HA! THE OPEN WINDOW SERVED ITS PURPOSE OF DIVERTING YOUR ATTENTION, MY DEAR, SINCE THERE IS NO FIRE ESCAPE!
THUD!
A SHORT TIME LATER...
DEAD! AND I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO FALL FOR THE MURDERER'S GAG!
I WONDER HOW THOROUGHLY THE POLICE SEARCHED PIETRO'S CAMERA THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER?
PERHAPS THERE'S SOMETHING HERE IN PIETRO'S PAPERS...UH?
JOE BRAND, HIMSELF! AND WHAT BRINGS YOU CALLING ON PIETRO'S CORPSE?
PIETRO DEAD? B-BUT HOW?

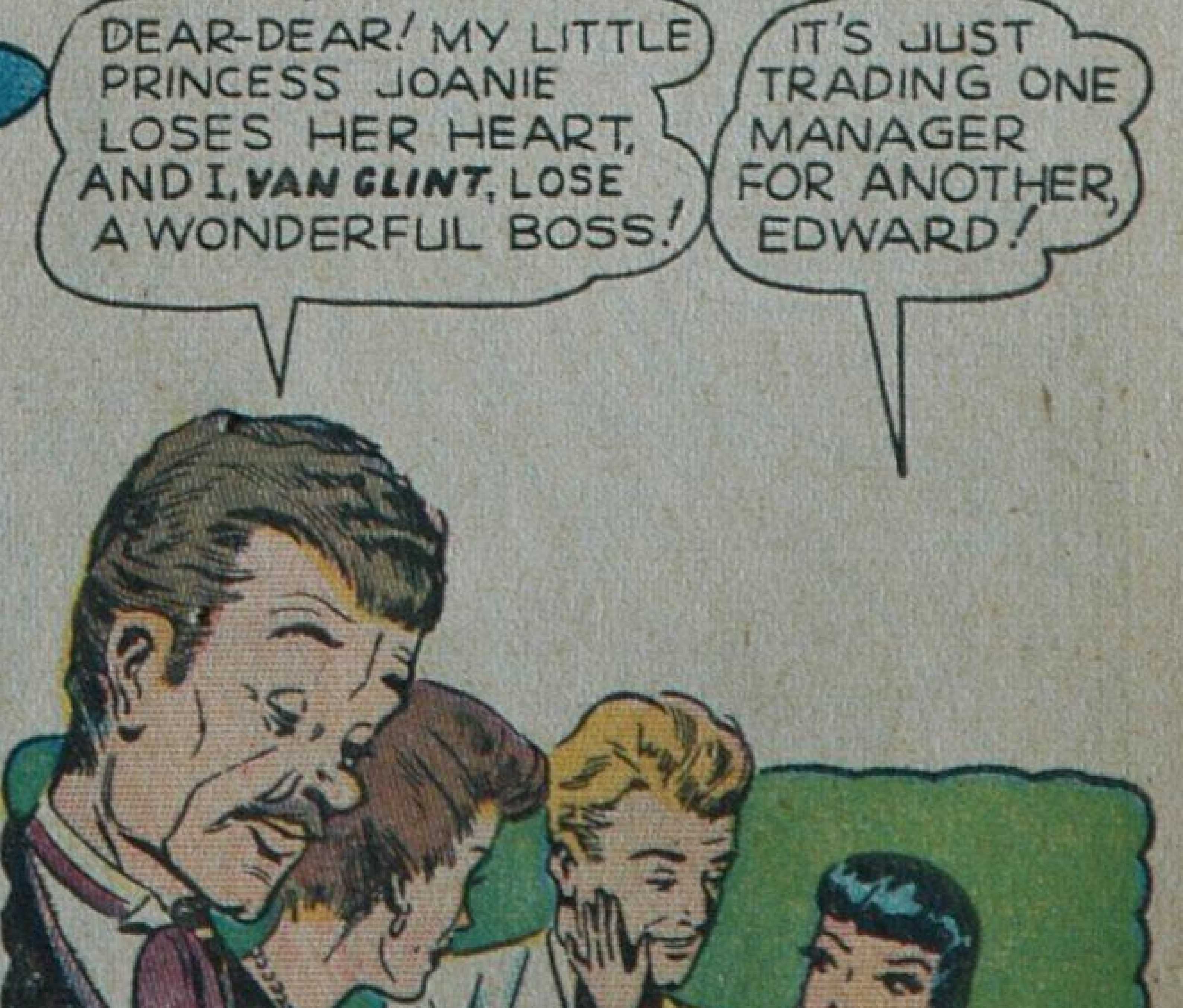

COULD *THIS* BE THE REASON, JOE? AN I.O.U. SIGNED BY YOU?
NO! I MEAN, YES! BUT I SWEAR THAT NOTE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH PIETRO'S DEATH!
I, Joe Brand, owe Pietro the sum of $2,800. Joe Brand


IT WAS A GAMBLING DEBT! DURING THE WAR I STOPPED OVER IN RIO FOR A COUPLE OF DAYS! I GOT INTO A GAME WITH BOTH **VAN GLINT** AND PIETRO... LOST HEAVILY! SO I SIGNED THIS NOTE!


DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! I ONLY CAME HERE TO ASK PIETRO NOT TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE $2800 AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
I SEE!


ALL RIGHT, JOE! BUT SUPPOSE *YOU* TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED THE NIGHT CECILY HARDING WAS MURDERED!
I-I'LL TRY!

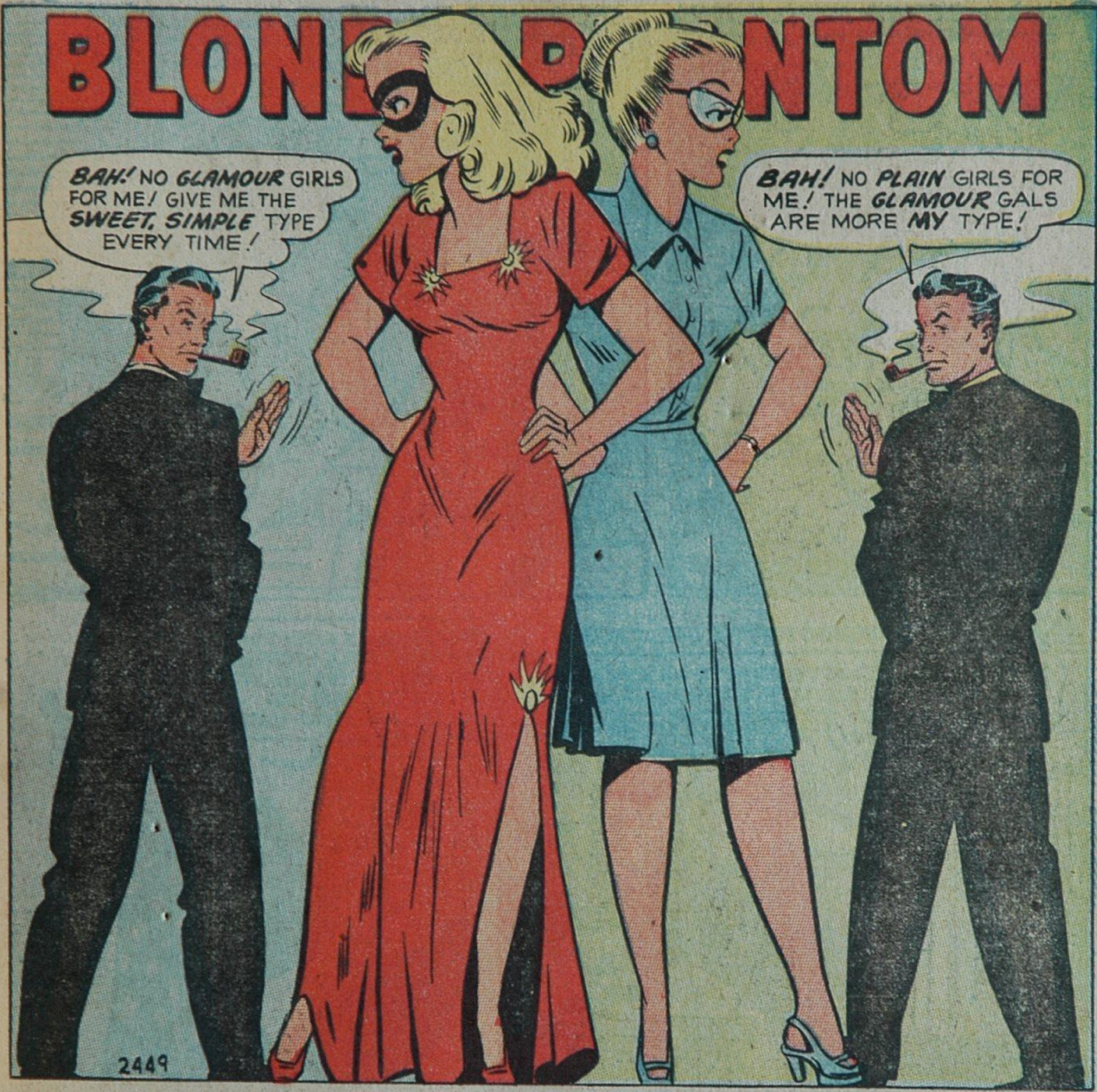

"WE WERE ALL STANDING AROUND WAITING FOR THE PAPERS TO BE SIGNED TRANSFERRING JOAN'S BUSINESS TO CECILY HARDING..."
WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH ALL YOUR TALENTS WHEN I TAKE OVER THE BUSINESS, JOAN?
MARRIAGE TAKES A ***GREAT DEAL*** OF TALENT, CECILY!

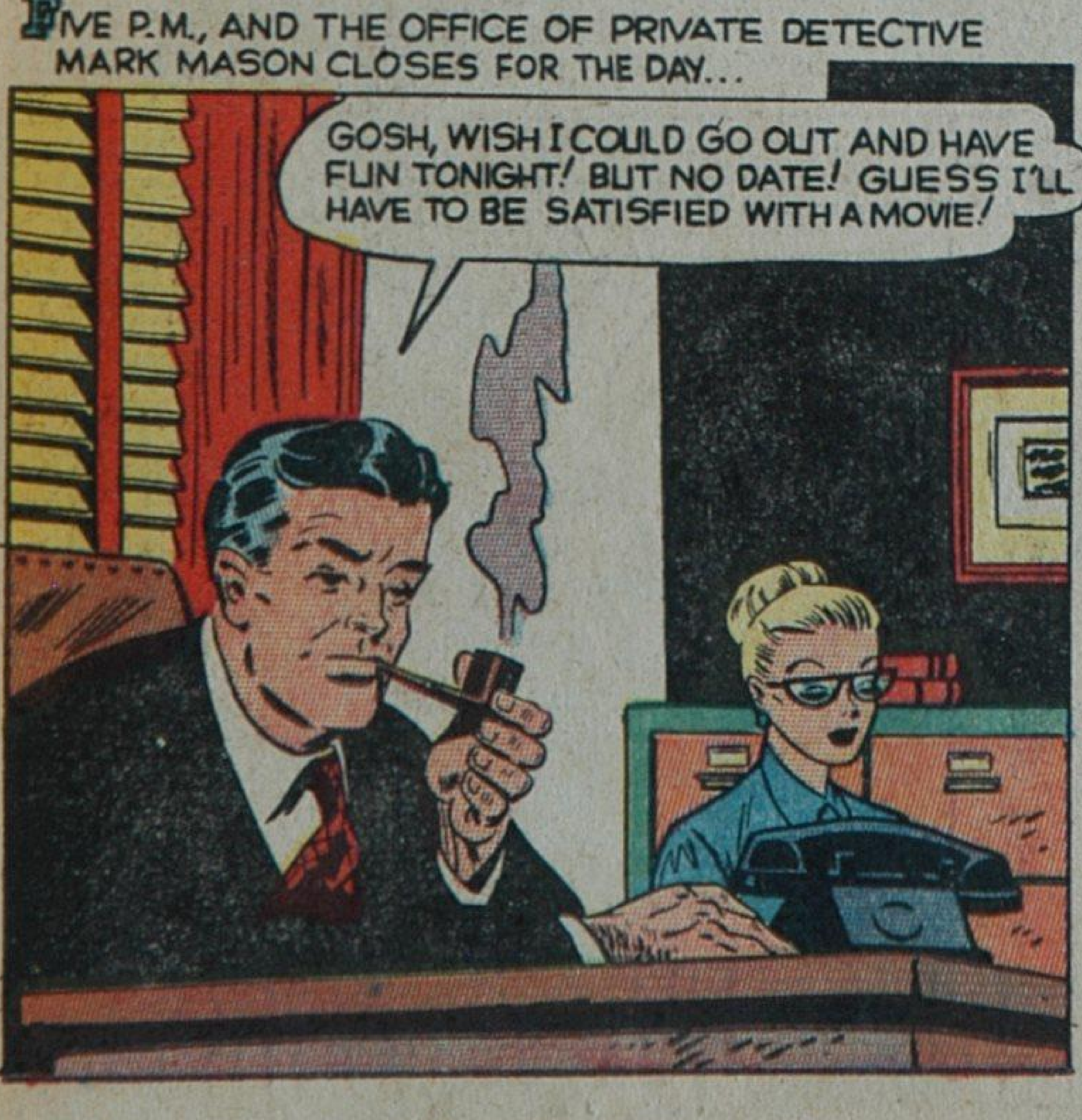

DEAR-DEAR! MY LITTLE PRINCESS JOANIE LOSES HER HEART, AND I, **VAN GLINT**, LOSE A WONDERFUL BOSS!
IT'S JUST TRADING ONE MANAGER FOR ANOTHER, EDWARD!

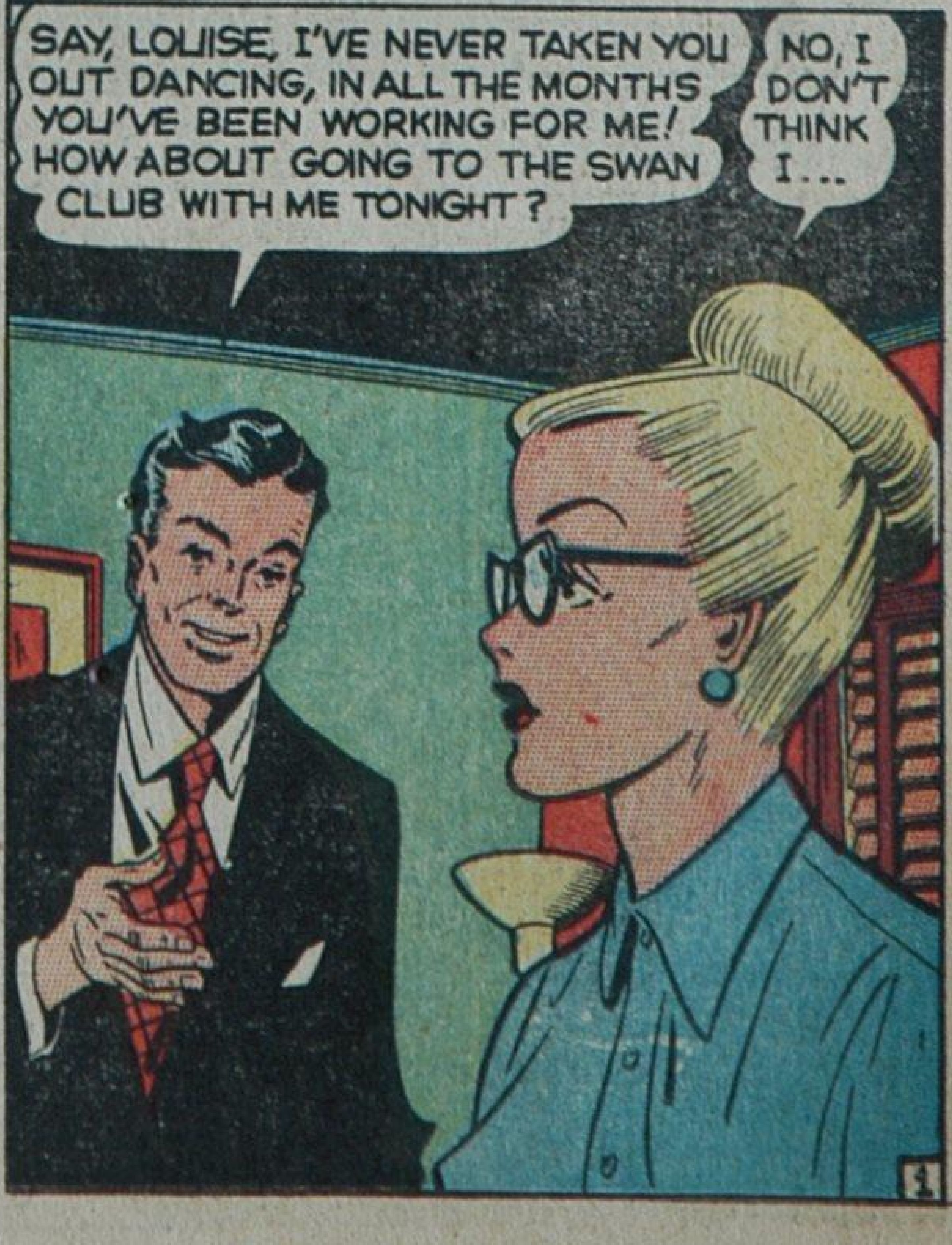
"AND JUST AT THAT MOMENT, THE ROOM BLACKED OUT..."
"THEN THERE WAS A SCREAM FROM CECILY, AND PIETRO'S FLASH-BULB WENT OFF—BLINDING US ALL!"
"AND WHEN JOAN LIT THE CANDLES, THERE WAS CECILY, MURDERED!"
GHASTLY! A BARBARIC MURDER!
EVERYONE STAY HERE! I'M PHONING FOR THE HOMICIDE SQUAD!
"AND THAT WAS WHERE I MADE MY BIG MISTAKE..."
I NEVER SHOULD HAVE LEFT THE ROOM ALONE, EVEN IF I **WAS** A POLICE DETECTIVE OFF DUTY!
OFFICER, I'M SURE SOMETHING IS WRONG IN APARTMENT 10-D!
JOE BRAND! AND THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
AND ANOTHER MURDER VICTIM, CHARLIE!
CAN'T HELP JOE MUCH NOW! I'D BETTER SNEAK AWAY!
NO BRIGHT POLICE DETECTIVE WOULD PULL SUCH BONERS IF HE TURNED TO CRIME! WHICH MAKES ME BELIEVE THERE IS **ANOTHER** ANGLE TO MARK MASON'S CASE!
SHORTLY...
SORRY, BLONDE PHANTOM, I CAN'T MAKE IT!
THEN TELL JOAN TO SHOOT RIGHT DOWN TO HER OFFICE, MARK!

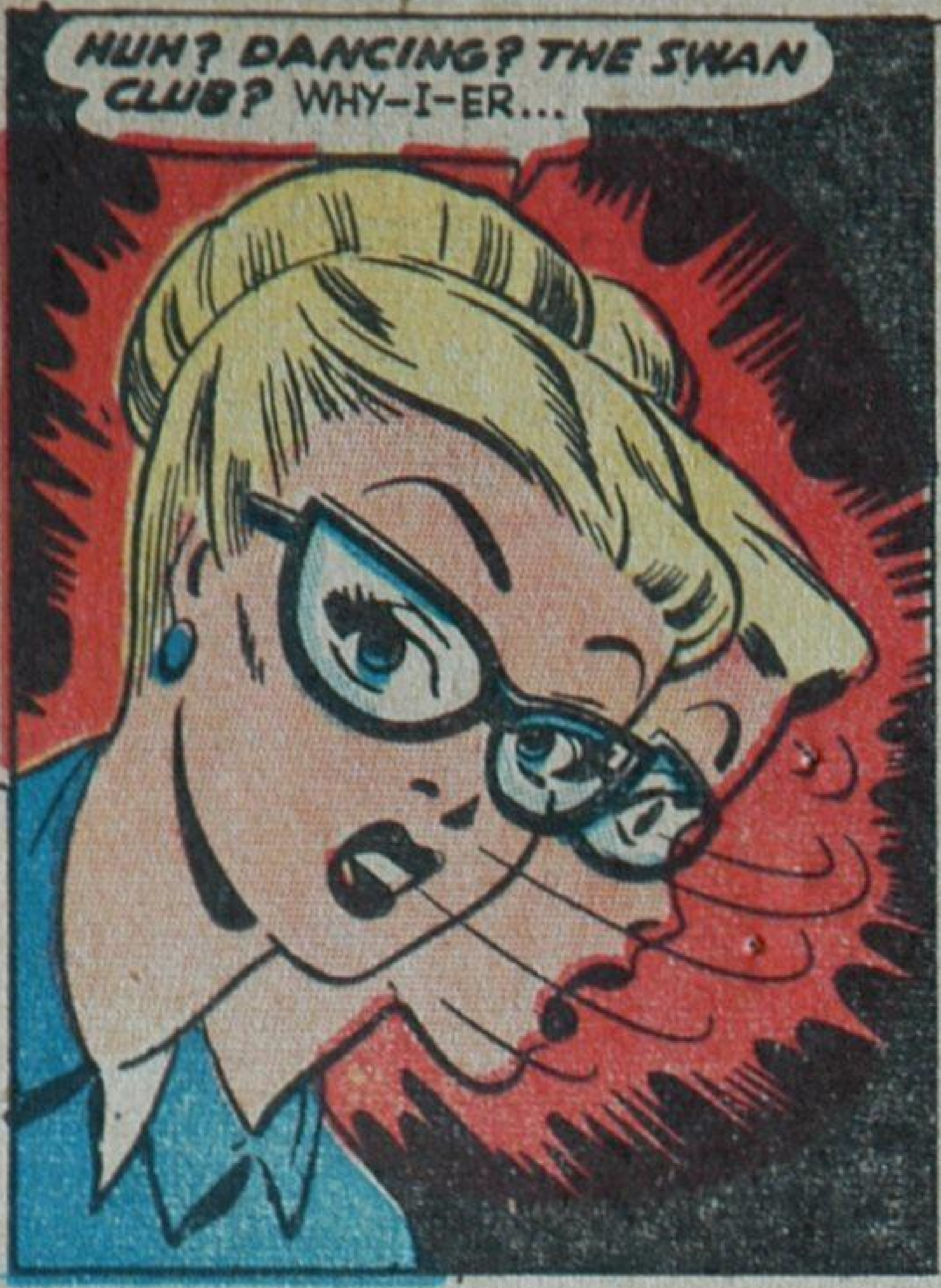
LATER..
IF YOU'LL BE SO GOOD AS TO OPEN YOUR SAFE, JOAN, I'D LIKE TO LOOK AT YOUR BOOKS!
ALL RIGHT, BUT I DON'T SEE WHY!
I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ACCOUNTING SYSTEMS! VAN GLINT TAKES CARE OF THINGS LIKE THAT!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!
I WANT TO SEE YOUR EXPENSES FOR THE LAST TWO YEARS!
I'LL SHUT OFF THIS FAN SO IT WON'T BLOW THE PAGES!
LEDGER
PAT HOLMAN, INC.
THEN...
JOAN, YOUR BUSINESS MANAGER HAS BEEN EMBEZZLING THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS FROM YOUR COMPANY!
SUCH HARSH ACCUSATIONS!
OHHH!
OF COURSE, I DID TAKE A PALTRY FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND FOR MY TALENTED SERVICES!
A VERY LUCRATIVE JOB TO LOSE, SHOULD THE COMPANY OWNERSHIP CHANGE HANDS!
I HAD TO DISCOURAGE A ROMANCE WHICH WOULD HAVE MEANT THE SALE OF THE BUSINESS! KILLING CECILY, TAKING HER PRICELESS RUBY, AND TURNING THE BLAME ON JOE BRAND SEEMED TO BE A MASTER PLAN!
EXCUSE ME, VAN GLINT...

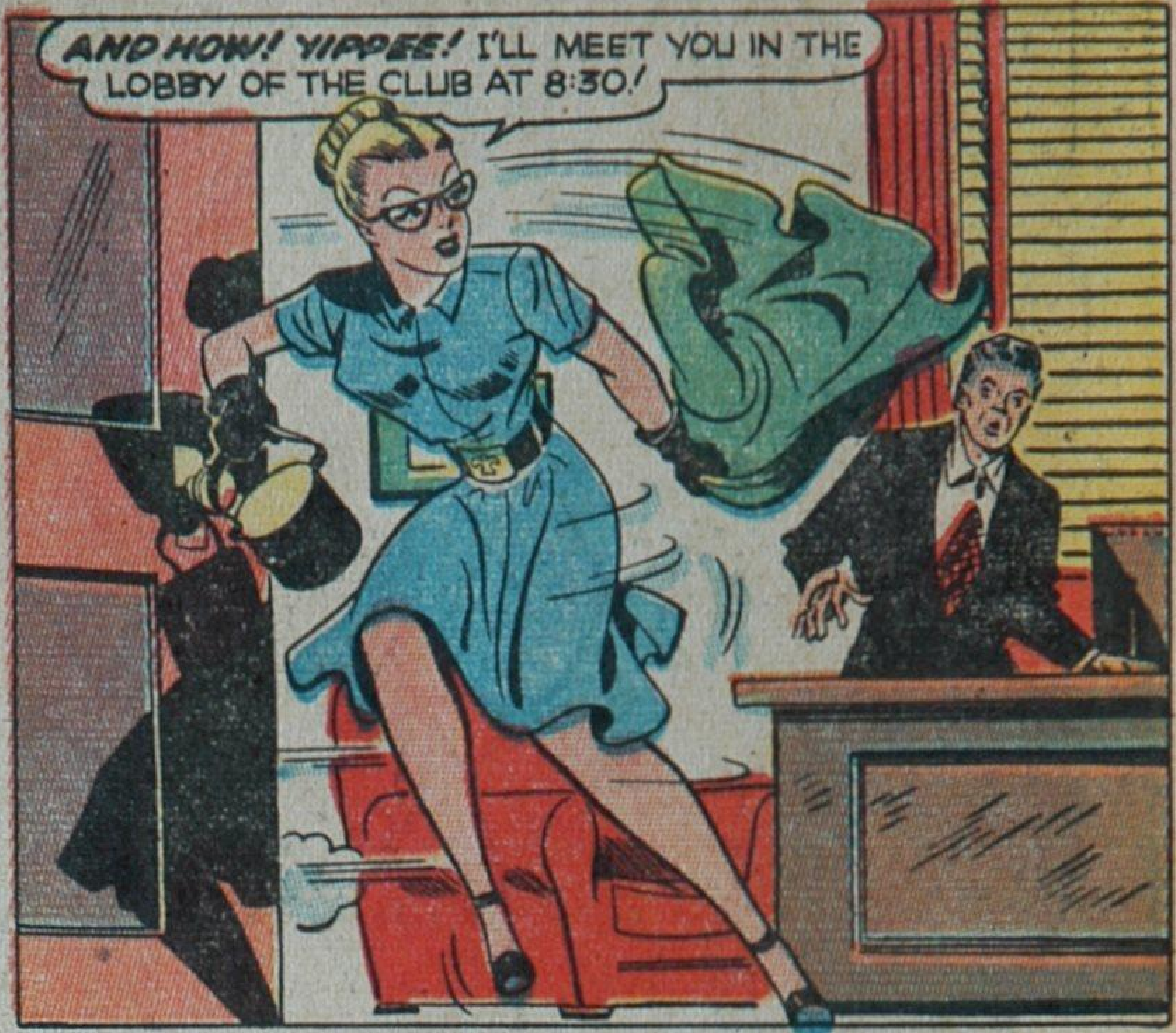
BEFORE YOU SHOOT US, I SHOULD LOVE TO POWDER MY NOSE!
DEAR ME!
YOU'RE **NOT** SO CLEVER, **VAN GLINT**, IF YOU FELL FOR **THAT!** AS THEY SAY, "THE BEST LAID PLANS OF MICE AND MEN OFT GO ASTRAY!"
A-CHOO! I-I CAN'T SEE!
AND THAT'S FOR SLUGGING ME IN PIETRO'S APARTMENT!
WE SHOULD FIND OUR KILLER HERE IN HIS OFFICE! **WHA...?**
OH, HELLO, MARK!
LOOK! A PHOTO NEGATIVE OF **VAN GLINT** STABBING CECILY! I DUG IT UP IN **VAN GLINT'S** APARTMENT!
EXCELLENT SLEUTHING, MARK! AND **HERE** IS YOUR VILLAIN READY TO BE TIED INTO A GUILTY BUNDLE OF MURDER, ROBBERY, AND EMBEZZLEMENT!
A FEW DAYS LATER...
MY TIE ALL RIGHT, LOUISE? I HAVE TO LOOK MY BEST, YOU KNOW, STANDING UP FOR JOE BRAND AT THE ALTAR!
IF ONLY WE KNEW WHERE TO GET HOLD OF BLONDE PHANTOM! I'M SURE SHE'D LOVE BEING JOAN'S MAID OF HONOR, ESPECIALLY WITH SUCH A HANDSOME BEST MAN PRESENT!
THE END


BLOND P NTOM
BAH! NO GLAMOUR GIRLS FOR ME! GIVE ME THE SWEET, SIMPLE TYPE EVERY TIME!
BAH! NO PLAIN GIRLS FOR ME! THE GLAMOUR GALS ARE MORE MY TYPE!
2449

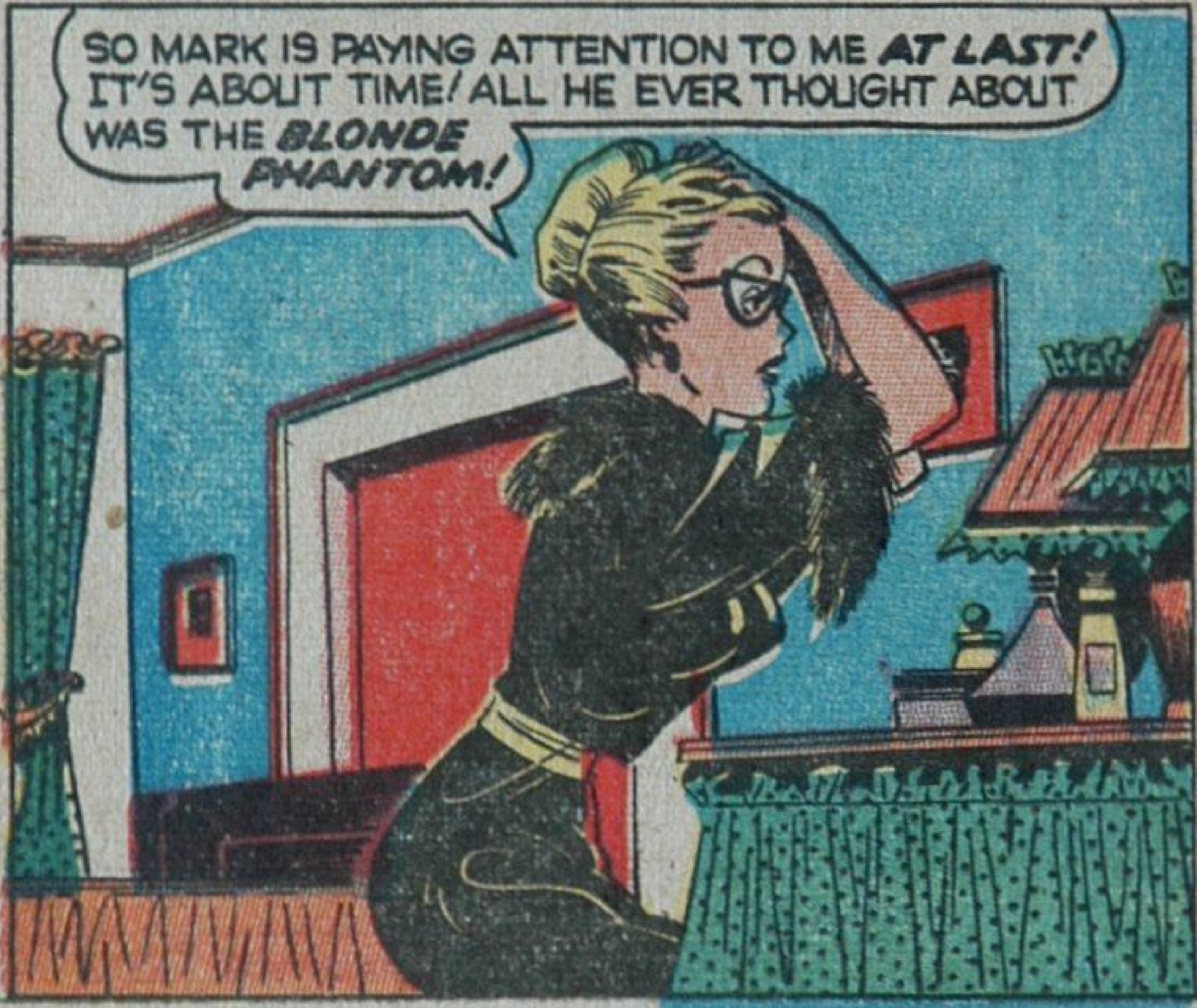

FIVE P.M., AND THE OFFICE OF PRIVATE DETECTIVE MARK MASON CLOSES FOR THE DAY...
GOSH, WISH I COULD GO OUT AND HAVE FUN TONIGHT! BUT NO DATE! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO BE SATISFIED WITH A MOVIE!

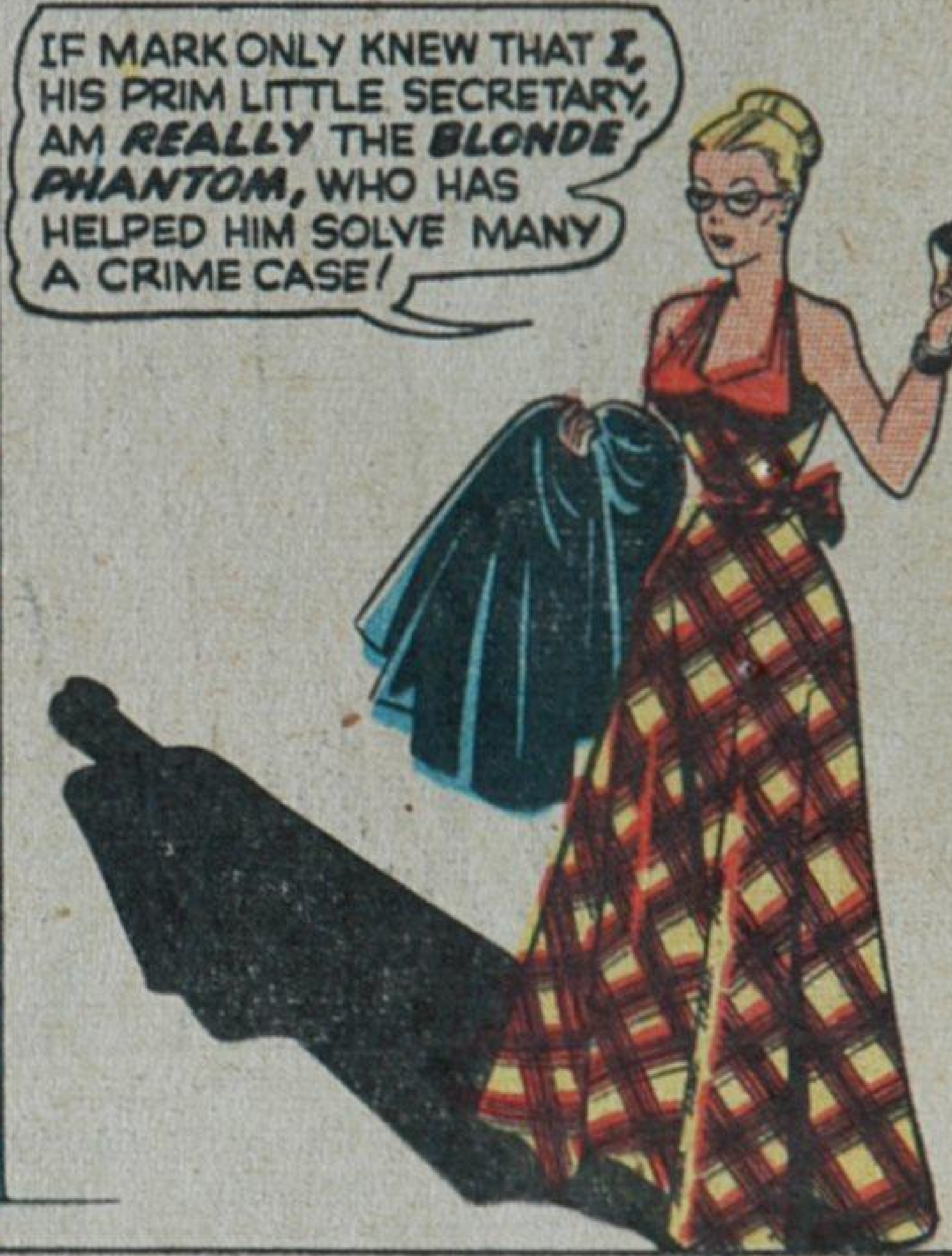

SAY, LOUISE, I'VE NEVER TAKEN YOU OUT DANCING, IN ALL THE MONTHS YOU'VE BEEN WORKING FOR ME! HOW ABOUT GOING TO THE SWAN CLUB WITH ME TONIGHT?
NO, I DON'T THINK I...
1


HUH? DANCING? THE SWAN CLUB? WHY-I-ER...

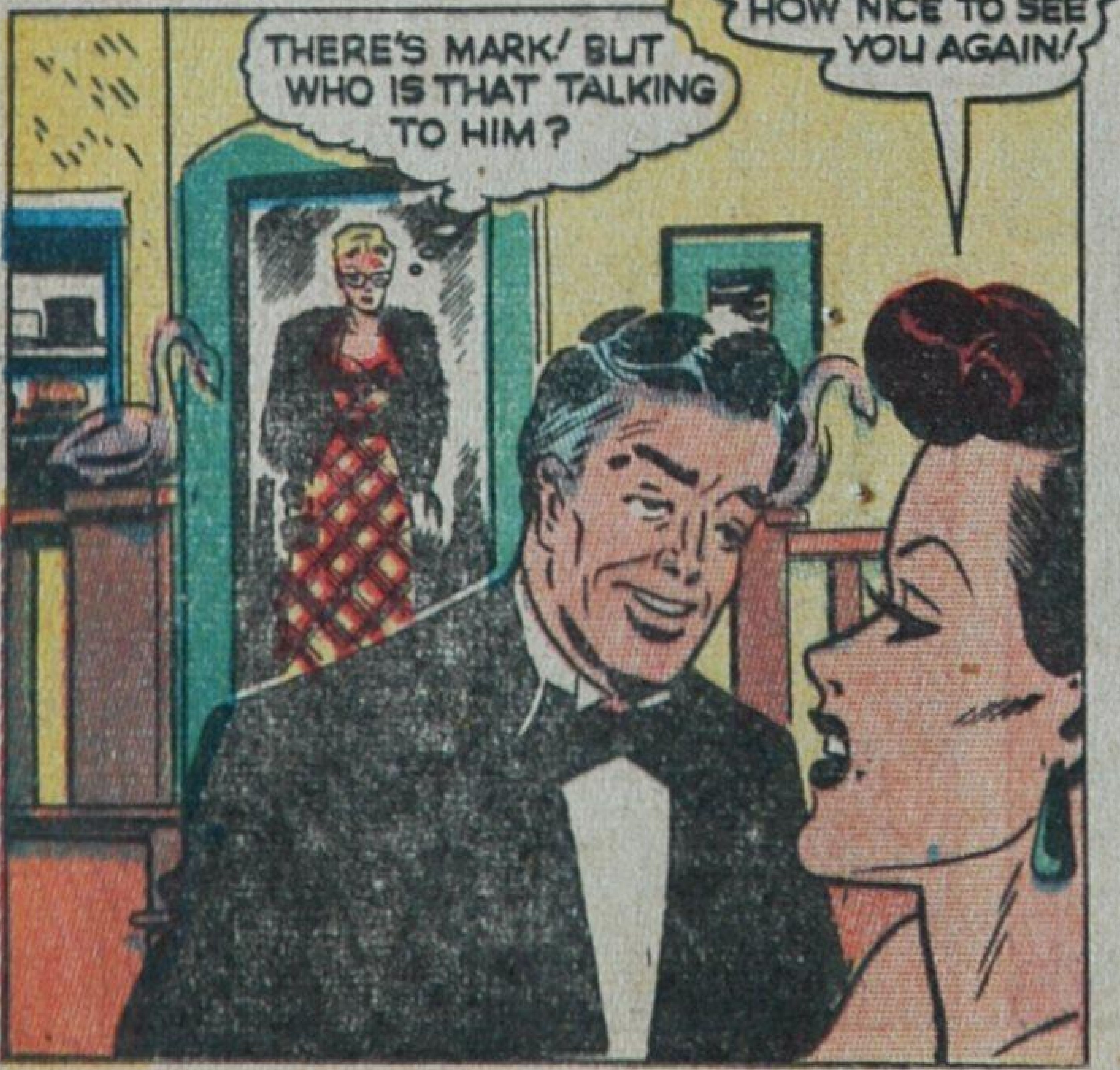

AND HOW! YIPPEE! I'LL MEET YOU IN THE LOBBY OF THE CLUB AT 8:30!

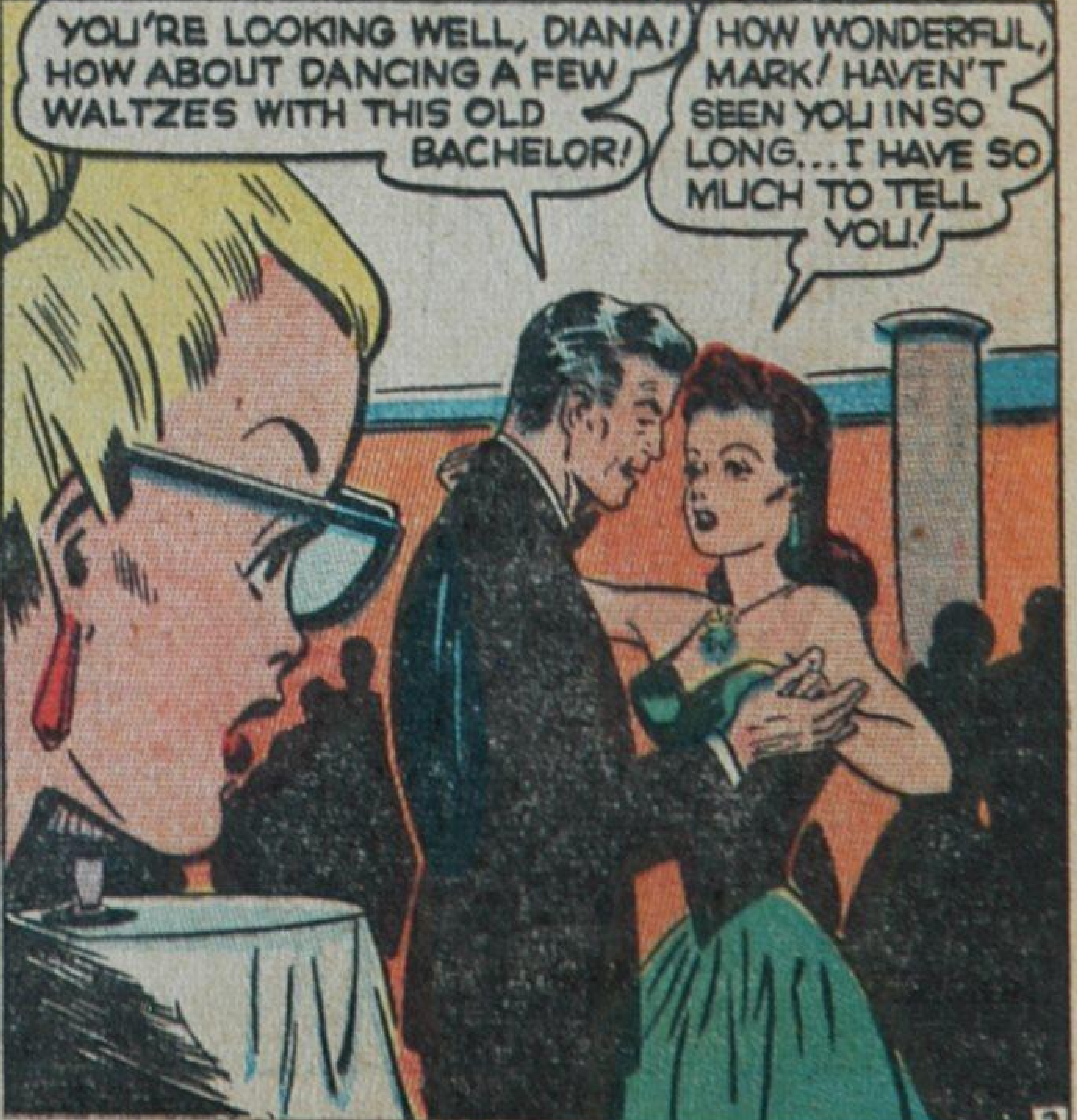
AND SO LOUISE PREPARES FOR THE GREAT EVENT!


SO MARK IS PAYING ATTENTION TO ME AT LAST! IT'S ABOUT TIME! ALL HE EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WAS THE BLONDE PHANTOM!


IF MARK ONLY KNEW THAT I, HIS PRIM LITTLE SECRETARY, AM REALLY THE BLONDE PHANTOM, WHO HAS HELPED HIM SOLVE MANY A CRIME CASE!

AND SO, 8:30 ON THE DOT...


THERE'S MARK! BUT WHO IS THAT TALKING TO HIM?
WHY, MARK MASON! HOW NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN!


YOU'RE LOOKING WELL, DIANA! HOW ABOUT DANCING A FEW WALTZES WITH THIS OLD BACHELOR!
HOW WONDERFUL, MARK! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN SO LONG... I HAVE SO MUCH TO TELL YOU!

SO! TWO-TIMING ME! HE FORGETS ALL ABOUT ME, WHEN ANY GLAMOUR PUSS DEBUTANTE MAKES A PLAY FOR HIM! I'LL SHOW HIM!
SOON...
TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME! MARK MASON IS GOING TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON TONIGHT!
LATER!
LOOK! THE BLONDE PHANTOM IS HERE TONIGHT!
AND ALONE, TOO! I'D DO ANYTHING TO BE HER ESCORT!
OH, SO I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! YOU'D RATHER ESCORT THE BLONDE PHANTOM! YOU WORM!
(GULP) Y-YES, MY LO-LOVE!
WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW! IT'S MY OLD FRIEND THE BLONDE PHANTOM! ER... SEE YOU LATER, DIANA!
HUH?
GREETINGS, BEAUTIFUL! HOW ABOUT THE NEXT DANCE?
REMEMBER ME, BLONDE PHANTOM? LIEUTENANT FARREL, THE POLICE DEPARTMENT'S STAR DETECTIVE! HOW ABOUT A DANCE?
3

WHY I'D BE DELIGHTED, LIEUTEANT, ER, I'LL TRY TO SAVE A DANCE FOR YOU LATER, MARK!
BUT-BUT-
THE DANCE...
A PLEASURE, DR. DALRYMPLE! ER, LATER, MARK!
BUT-BUT-
AND THE NEXT DANCE...
LATER, MARK!
—BUT...
AND FINALLY...
BUT IT'S "LATER" NOW!
SORRY, MARK! I'M RATHER TIRED! MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME! MAYBE YOUR FRIEND DIANA WILL DANCE WITH YOU!
ROOM
OH, MARK, DARLING! I'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! I'M JUST DYING TO DANCE AGAIN!
DANCING! I HATE DANCING! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR THAT WORD AGAIN!
AND THE NEXT MORNING...
SORRY I MISSED YOU AT THE SWAN CLUB LAST NIGHT, LOUISE! ER.. A FRIEND OF MINE BECAME SUDDENLY ILL, AND I HAD TO SIT UP WITH HIM ALL NIGHT!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I WASN'T THERE EITHER! I WAS SO TIRED, I JUST FELL OFF TO SLEEP AFTER SUPPER!
4
THE END

DESERT DEATH

"GOLD," one of the men sighed reverently under his breath, "Gold!"

The sun beat down out of an azure sky, and the three men, dirty, unshaven, sweat-grimed, looked at the base of the gulley. A vein of molten yellow showed plainly on one of the rocks.

"The end of the hunt, Devers. We've found it . . . enough to make us all rich for life!"

Devers knelt by the vein, broke off a piece of the quartz and held it in his hand. The streaks of yellow glistened and danced in the blinding sunlight. His blood-shot eyes narrowed as he stared at the nugget.

Kirk, the youngest of the three men, smiled grimly as he watched. It had been a long weary hunt ever since he had gone into partnership with the other two. He had had enough money saved to finance the party, and he had gone against his better judgment. They had wandered from place to place, and now this was their reward—wealth beyond their wildest dreams!

"Well, what do we do now?" Randall, the oldest asked. "Are we gonna mine it right off, or go back for a claimstake and some heavy equipment so we can do the job right?"

"One of us better go back and file claim at the government office first," Kirk answered. "That's the only safe way."

"Yeah, but who? I ain't leavin' this spot!"

"Me neither," growled Randall, "I'm stayin' right here."

Kirk smiled. "All right, I'll go, but not until morning. It's a long dusty hike and I need some rest." Kirk took a swig of water from the canteen fastened about his waist.

"Better go easy on that water, kid," Devers said, "you only got enough to make it back to town. The last water hole is a long way from here . . . and in another direction."

"I know," Kirk replied calmly, "but I'm thirsty now. I'll make it okay, don't worry." He unslung his gun belt, heavy .45 and canteen, laying them on the ground near the fire. Then he threw his blanket on the ground a few yards away, laid down on it, and rolled it about his shoulders.

Randall followed Kirk's procedure, but Devers sat for a long while, smoking a cigarette by the dying campfire. Finally he made his pack and layed down.

Shortly after midnight one of the sleeping men stirred cautiously. It was Randall. Softly he rose to his feet, and crouching, moved swiftly across the small space to where Kirk had left his water canteen. He unscrewed the top and dropped a small, white, oval-shaped pellet into it. Then replacing the top, he laid the canteen down and returned to his blanket.

The night wore on towards morning. And then another of the men stirred. This time it was Devers. He reached Kirk's canteen, picked it up, and with a twisting motion began to bore a small hole in the bottom with his pocket knife. Devers felt a drop of water fall upon his palm and was satisfied.

In the morning Kirk made ready to leave. He shook hands with the other two.

"Good luck, kid," Randall said, "hurry back. We'll be waitin'."

"Yeah, we'll be waitin'," Devers echoed, his thin lips twisting in a grin. Apparently Kirk didn't suspect anything.

"Be back in a week or so. Keep everything under control."

Kirk started off, and they watched him go, until finally he disappeared from sight.

Devers and Randall prepared for the long wait until Kirk would return. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Finally Devers spoke in a harsh voice. "Well, are we gonna sit around like this 'till he gets back? We better see if we can find some food . . . and water."

Randall's mouth twitched as Devers mentioned water, and his eyes narrowed suspiciously. Had Devers seen him when he dropped the poison capsule in Kirk's canteen? Instinctively his hand moved toward his gun, then, thinking better of it, he changed his mind.

But Devers had seen the slight motion. And he was also thinking. Had Randall seen him bore that hole in Kirk's canteen? He didn't know, but he realized that something was wrong somewhere, and that Randall would have to be watched—carefully.

Thus, suspicion had been born in each of them.

Toward noon Randall was more suspicious of Devers than ever. He had been acting strangely all morning, and there seemed only one logical reason for his actions—he must have seen what happened last night!

"Think Kirk will make it to town okay?" he asked casually.

Devers was leaning against one of the rocks along the side of the canyon. "Why shouldn't he?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Randall scratched his nose lazily. "He doesn't know much about the desert. Maybe he'll get lost."

"But he can find his way back to town, and you know it."

"I don't know. I got a feeling he won't make it."

Devers straightened. Tension mounted between the two men as though there were a coiled invisible spring ready to crack. "Let's quit beating around the bush. Just what are you getting at?"

A grim smile creased Randall's lips. "You know, don't you? You saw me last night."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about!"

"Don't give me any of that stuff. You saw me poison Kirk's water canteen!"

Now it was Devers' turn to smile. "That's funny," he said slowly, "It's very funny, because I bored a hole in the canteen shortly before dawn. That water will all leak out!"

Randall stepped forward without realizing he was moving. "It's a cinch he won't make it to town now. He'll die on the way, but which one of us killed him? If he drinks the water before it leaks out, *I did*. But if he doesn't, and dies of thirst, *you did!*"

"We'll never know until the body is found," Devers said grimly. "One of us is a murderer!"

They were standing only a few yards apart now. There was no trust left between them. The gold would be divided among the two, but how much better it would be if there were only one.

Like a striking cobra, Randall went for his gun, and Devers was almost as fast. The two shots were so close together as to sound almost like one. Then Devers coughed and blood spilled down the corner of his cheek onto his neck. Randall clutched his stomach with his left hand and looked down in amazement to see his life spilling away between his fingers . . .

Silence brooded over the desert as the sun beat down on the prostrate bodies of the two men on the broiling sand . . .

. . . From between two boulders near the top of the canyon, Kirk looked down on the scene. Somehow he felt like laughing.

It had been terribly difficult, staying awake last night, tired as he was, but he'd managed it. He had to, because he was suspicious and afraid of Devers and Randall. He'd been that way since the first time, three months ago when they met and started out into the desert together.

And so he'd seen them, each in turn, tamper with his water canteen. Just what they'd done he wasn't sure, but he knew it couldn't have been anything designed to do him any good. Now Randall and Devers were dead, killed by their own greed.

Kirk took a long swig of water out of his canteen. No, not the one that had been poisoned, but the extra one. The one he had kept hidden under his vest and had filled to the brim at the last water hole.

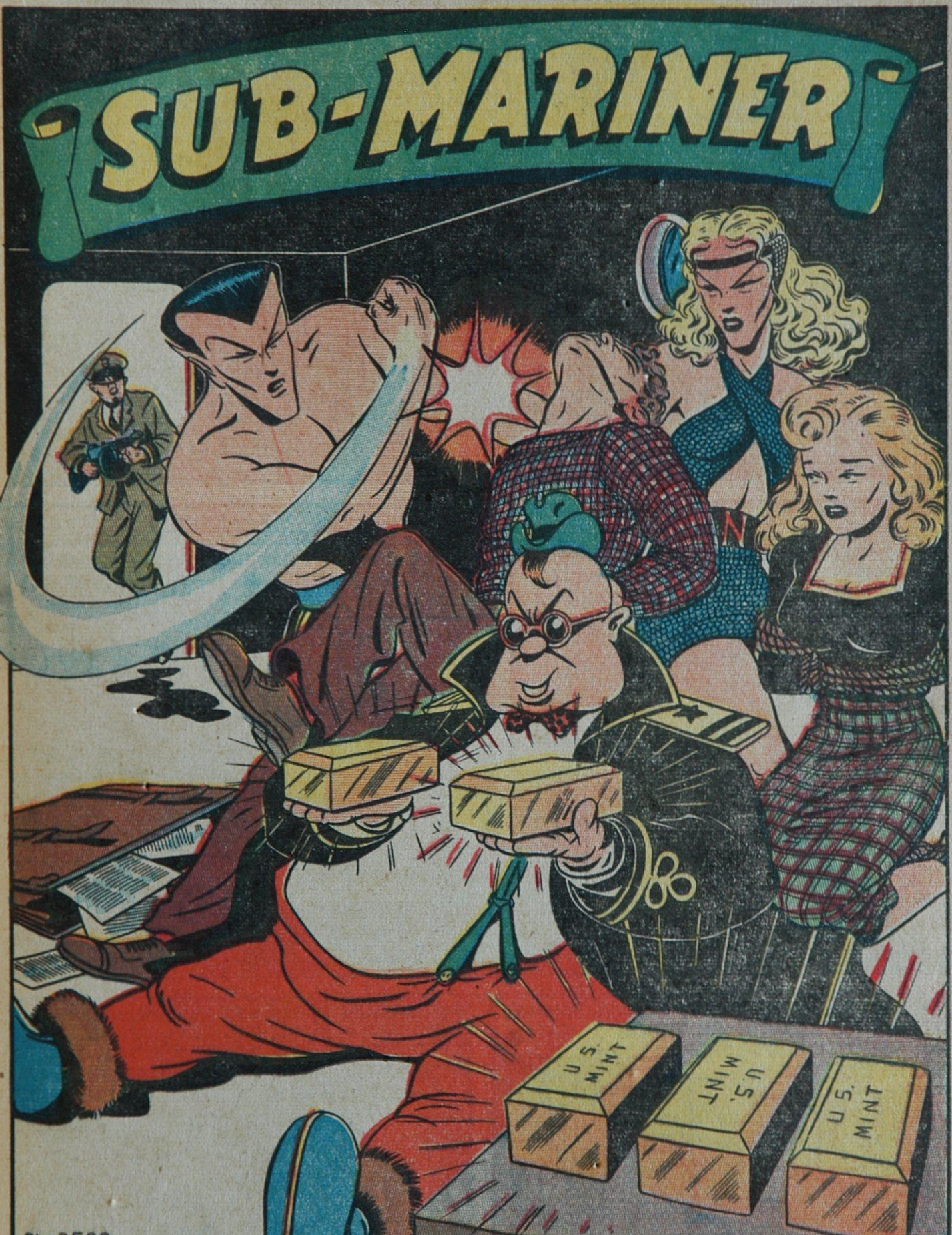
He rose slowly to his feet and started down toward the two bodies. Reaching them, he knelt and unbuckled their water canteens. Each was almost full. He snapped them about his waist. Now he had more than enough water to make it safely to town. And Devers and Randall would mark the spot for him. They wouldn't be going anywhere.

Already the vultures were circling overhead, dark vicious shadows wheeling high against the sun. Kirk shuddered momentarily, thinking how close it had been.

Then he rose to his feet and started the long trek towards town.

THE END

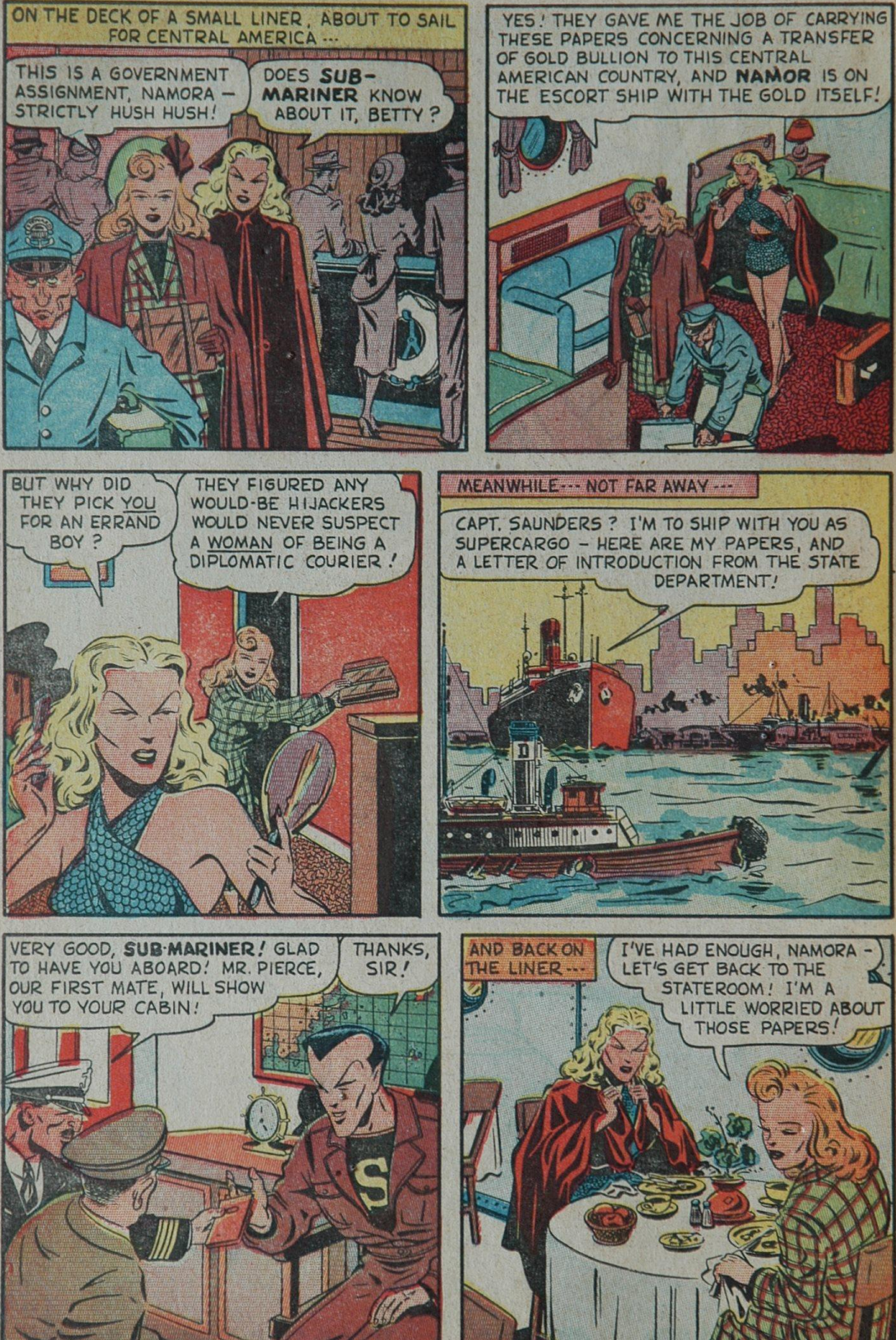
SL-1746


SUB-MARINER
N
U.S. MINT
U.S. MINT
U.S. MINT

SL-2580

ONCE AGAIN **NAMOR**, **NAMORA**, AND **BETTY DEAN** COMBINE FORCES TO AID THE **F.B.I.** AGAINST A NOTORIOUS GANG OF NAUTICAL HIJACKERS, IN THE

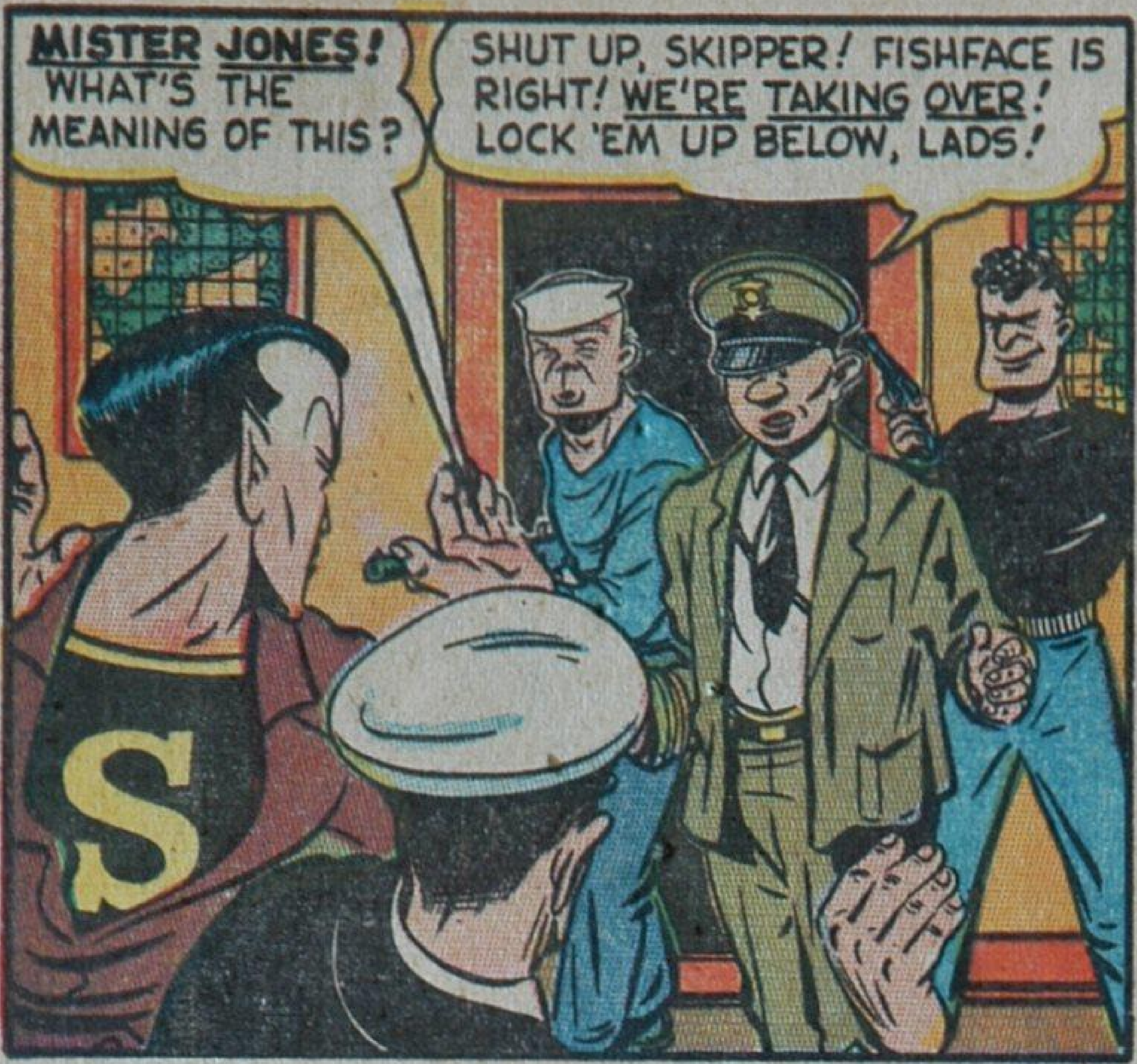
CASE OF THE "DEEP SEA SWINDLE!"

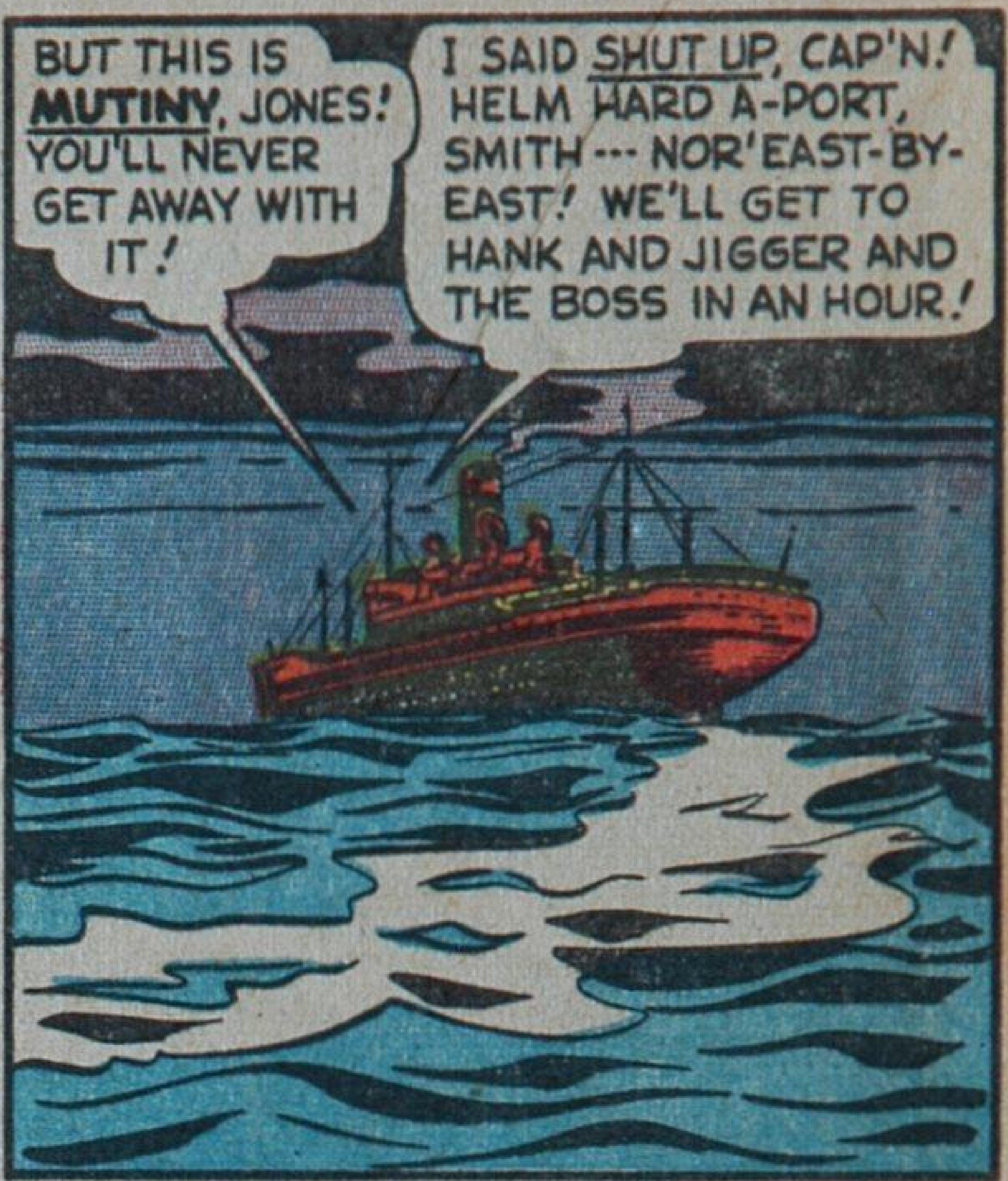

ON THE DECK OF A SMALL LINER, ABOUT TO SAIL FOR CENTRAL AMERICA ---
THIS IS A GOVERNMENT ASSIGNMENT, NAMORA — STRICTLY HUSH HUSH!
DOES **SUB-MARINER** KNOW ABOUT IT, BETTY?
YES! THEY GAVE ME THE JOB OF CARRYING THESE PAPERS CONCERNING A TRANSFER OF GOLD BULLION TO THIS CENTRAL AMERICAN COUNTRY, AND **NAMOR** IS ON THE ESCORT SHIP WITH THE GOLD ITSELF!
BUT WHY DID THEY PICK YOU FOR AN ERRAND BOY?
THEY FIGURED ANY WOULD-BE HIJACKERS WOULD NEVER SUSPECT A WOMAN OF BEING A DIPLOMATIC COURIER!
MEANWHILE --- NOT FAR AWAY ---
CAPT. SAUNDERS? I'M TO SHIP WITH YOU AS SUPERCARGO — HERE ARE MY PAPERS, AND A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT!
VERY GOOD, **SUB-MARINER**! GLAD TO HAVE YOU ABOARD! MR. PIERCE, OUR FIRST MATE, WILL SHOW YOU TO YOUR CABIN!
THANKS, SIR!
AND BACK ON THE LINER ---
I'VE HAD ENOUGH, NAMORA — LET'S GET BACK TO THE STATEROOM! I'M A LITTLE WORRIED ABOUT THOSE PAPERS!

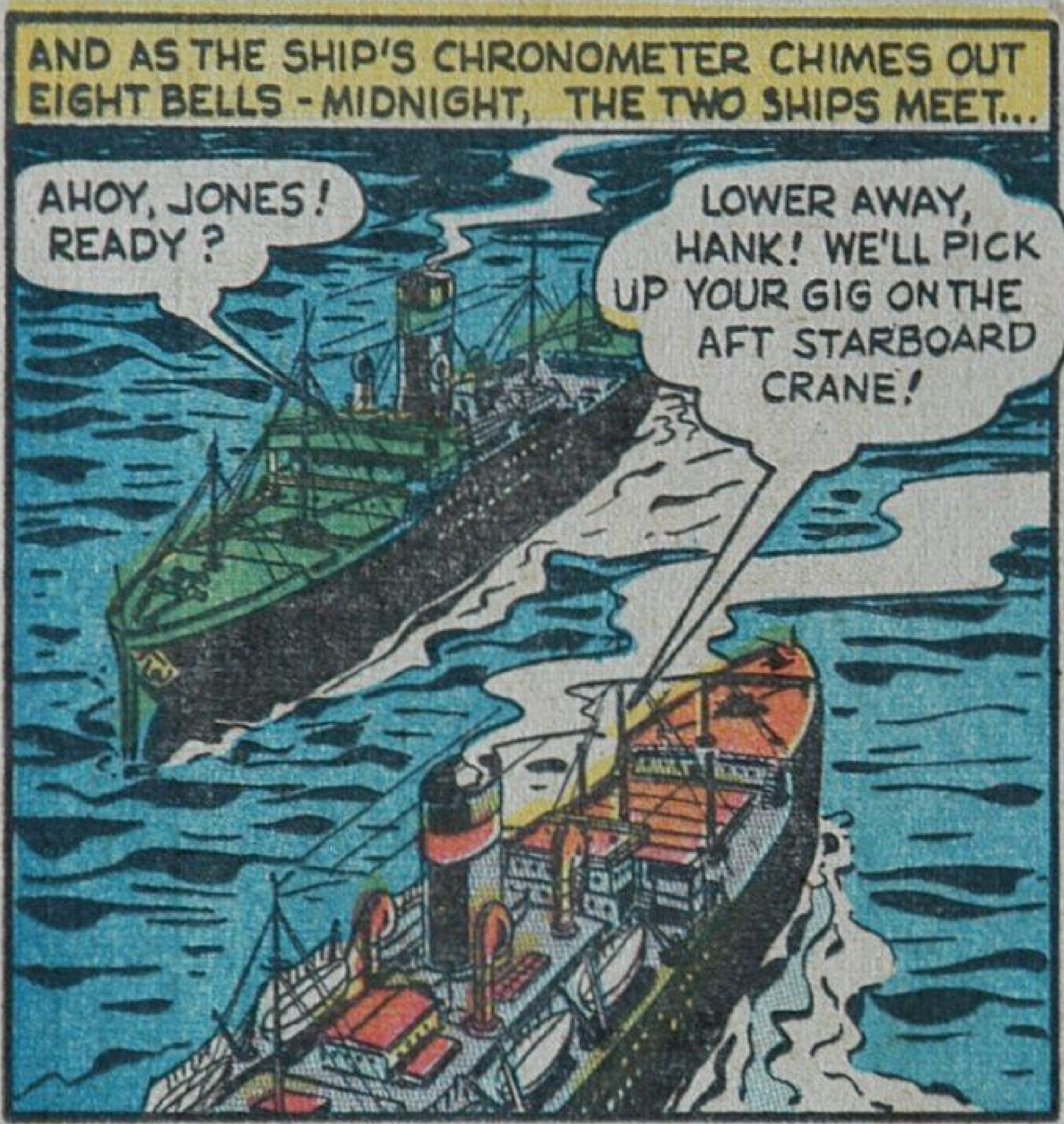
BETTY! **THEY'RE GONE!** SOMEONE RANSACKED THE ROOM WHILE WE WERE EATING!
OH, **NO!** WHAT AM I GOING TO DO?
FIND THEM, OF COURSE! SOMEONE ELSE ON THIS SHIP KNOWS WHAT YOUR MISSION IS, AND WANTS THOSE PAPERS!
THERE ARE FIFTY-FIVE PASSENGERS---WE'LL NEVER LOCATE THE THIEF!
WELL, THE LEAST WE CAN DO IS TRY! COME ON – WE'LL HAVE A LOOK ON DECK! I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT MAY WORK!
IT'LL HAVE TO BE GOOD TO GET US OUT OF THIS MESS!
WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED! PRETEND YOU HAVE DUPLICATE PAPERS THAT WEREN'T STOLEN --- TALK LOUD – ACT EXCITED! WE'LL GO BACK TO THE CABIN ···
A MOMENT LATER ···
KNOCK! KNOCK!
SHH-H! IT'S WORKING! **WHO'S THERE?**
STEWARD, MA'AM!
COME IN!
SO SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, LADIES, BUT **I GOTTA HAVE THEM DUPLICATE PAPERS!** HAND 'EM OVER, AND DON'T GIVE ME NO TROUBLE!

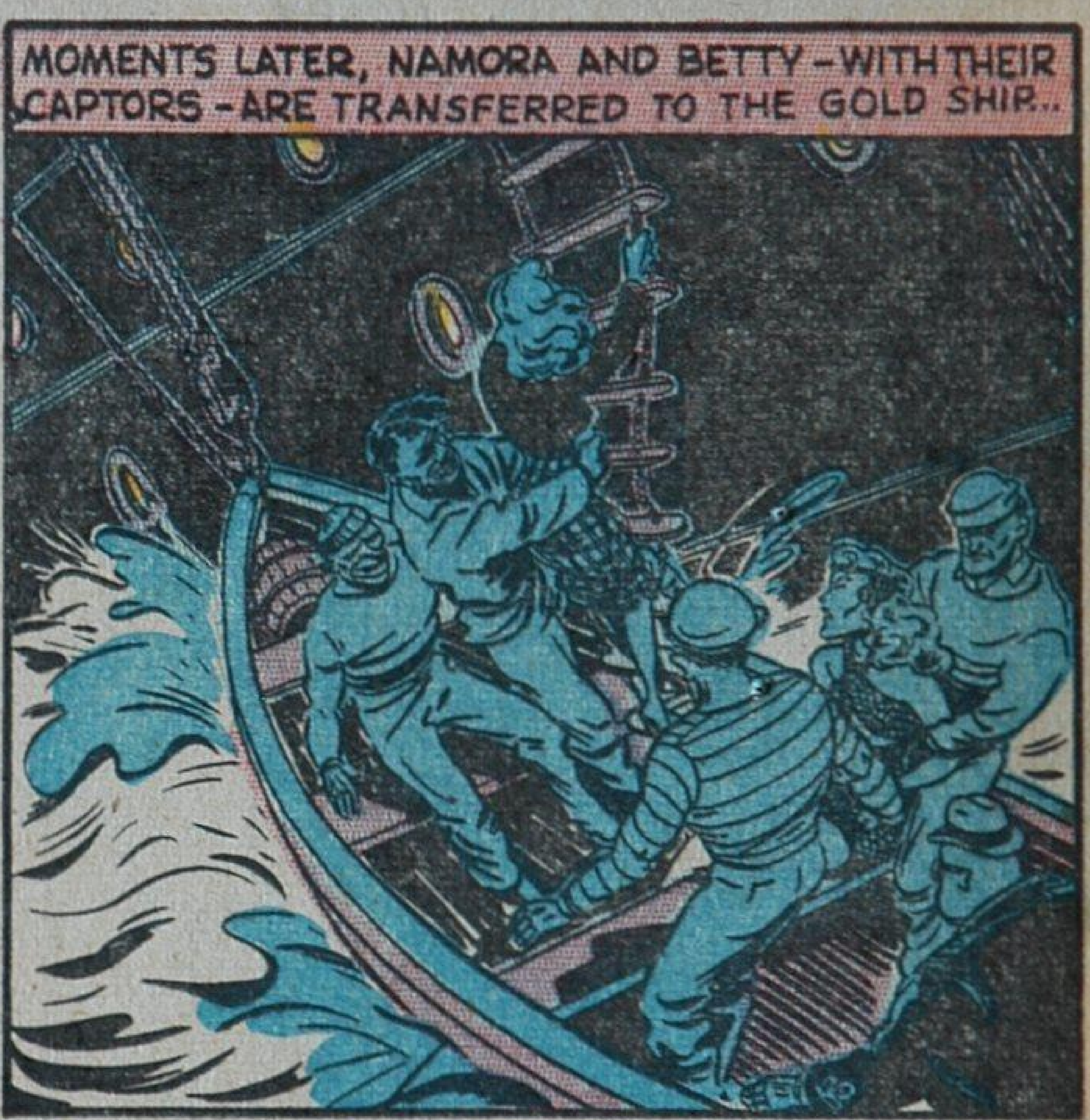
FOLLOWING NAMORA'S PLAN, BETTY DEAN GIVES THE INTRUDER AN OFFICIAL ENVELOPE ---
H-HERE YOU ARE, MISTER-W-WHAT'S THE IDEA?
SHUT UP, SISTER, AN' CLOSE THE DOOR!
COME ON, BETTY! WE CAN TRAIL HIM BEFORE HE FINDS OUT HE'S GOT NOTHING BUT BLANK PAPERS!
B-BUT SUPPOSE HE HAS FRIENDS ON THE SHIP!
HUSH! LISTEN! I THINK YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!
SO YOU FOUND DUPLICATES, MURPHY? GOOD! NOW --- WHAT ABOUT THE GIRLS? I WANT THEM BOTH HERE!
TRAPPED IN THE NARROW COMPANIONWAY, BETTY AND NAMORA ARE UNABLE TO ESCAPE ---
HERE THEY ARE!
COME TO PAPA, BABY!
THEY OFFER VIGOROUS - BUT FUTILE RESISTANCE ---
OH-HO! SCRAPPY LITTLE KITTENS, EH?
TAKE IT EASY, BEAUTIFUL!
WELL, WELL! WHAT A LOVELY PAIR OF DOLLS! LEAVE 'EM COOL OFF, JIGGER, AND SEND THE BOYS TO TAKE OVER THE BRIDGE! IT'S TIME WE HAD OUR FUN!

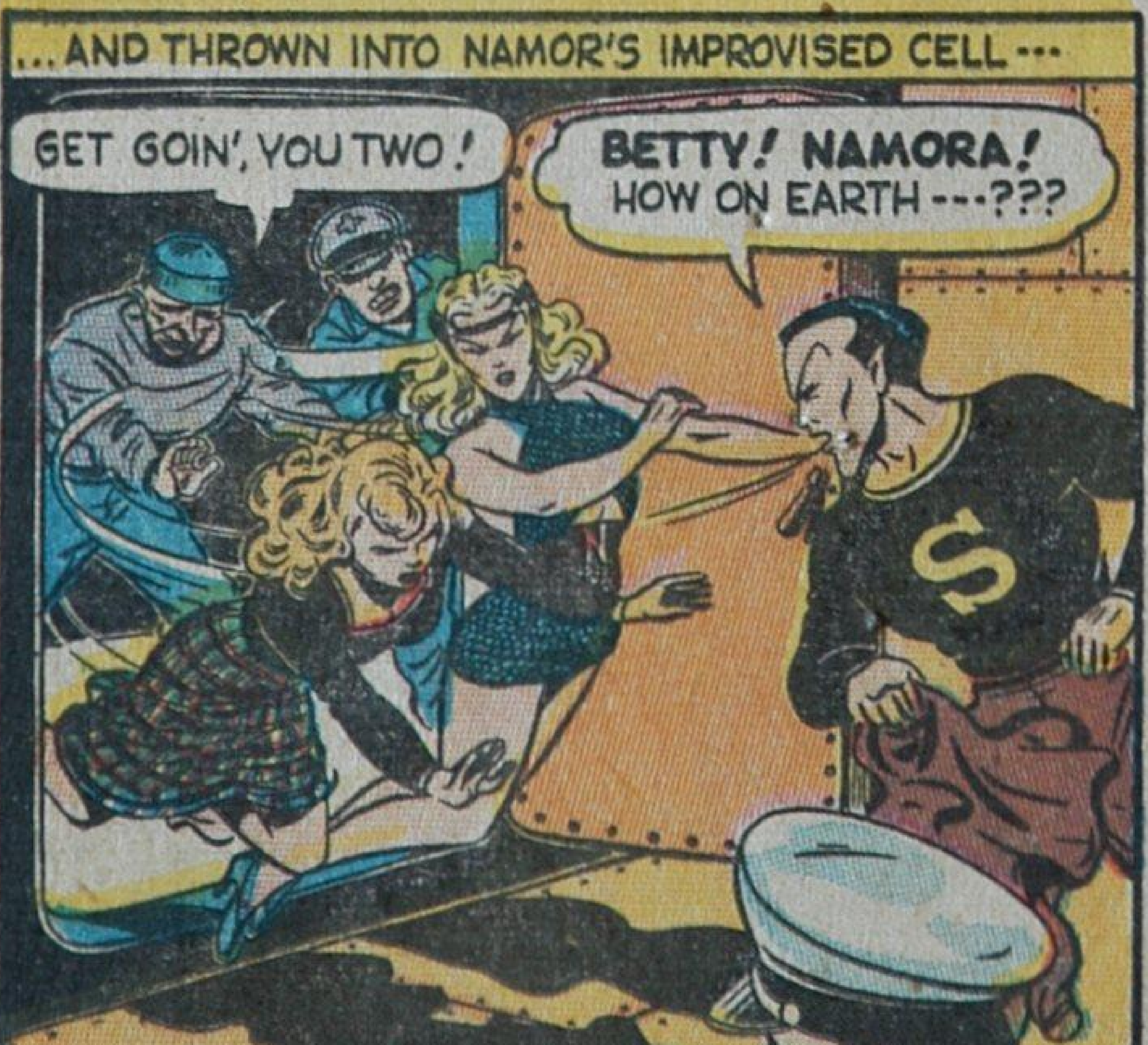
TEN SECONDS LATER ---
FREEZE, SKIPPER!
SWEET DREAMS, MATEY!
I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL!
MUTINY!
WHAT'S THE COURSE, HANK?
NOR'WEST-BY-WEST! WE OUGHTA GET TO SAUNDERS BY MIDNIGHT - IF JONES DON'T HAVE NO TROUBLE!
MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE GOLD SHIP ---
THE F.B.I. WOULDN'T HAVE SENT ME ALONG IF THEY DIDN'T EXPECT TROUBLE - SO I GUESS I'D BETTER START LOOKING FOR IT!
THAT MATE, JONES, SEEMED TO BE--- HELLO? WHAT'S THIS?
LISTEN, MEN, WE GOTTA MOVE FAST! SUB-MARINER'S ON BOARD! IT'S JONES' WATCH NOW, AND CAP'N SAUNDERS IS IN THE CHARTROOM! LET'S GO!
INSTANTLY, NAMOR RACES TO THE BRIDGE ---
CAPTAIN SAUNDERS!
YES?
LISTEN - THERE'S GOING TO BE TROUBLE, SIR! I THINK THE CREW PLANS TO SEIZE THE SHIP AND ABSCOND WITH THE GOLD!
WHAT?
JUST A MINUTE, SUB-MARINER! GET YOUR HANDS UP!

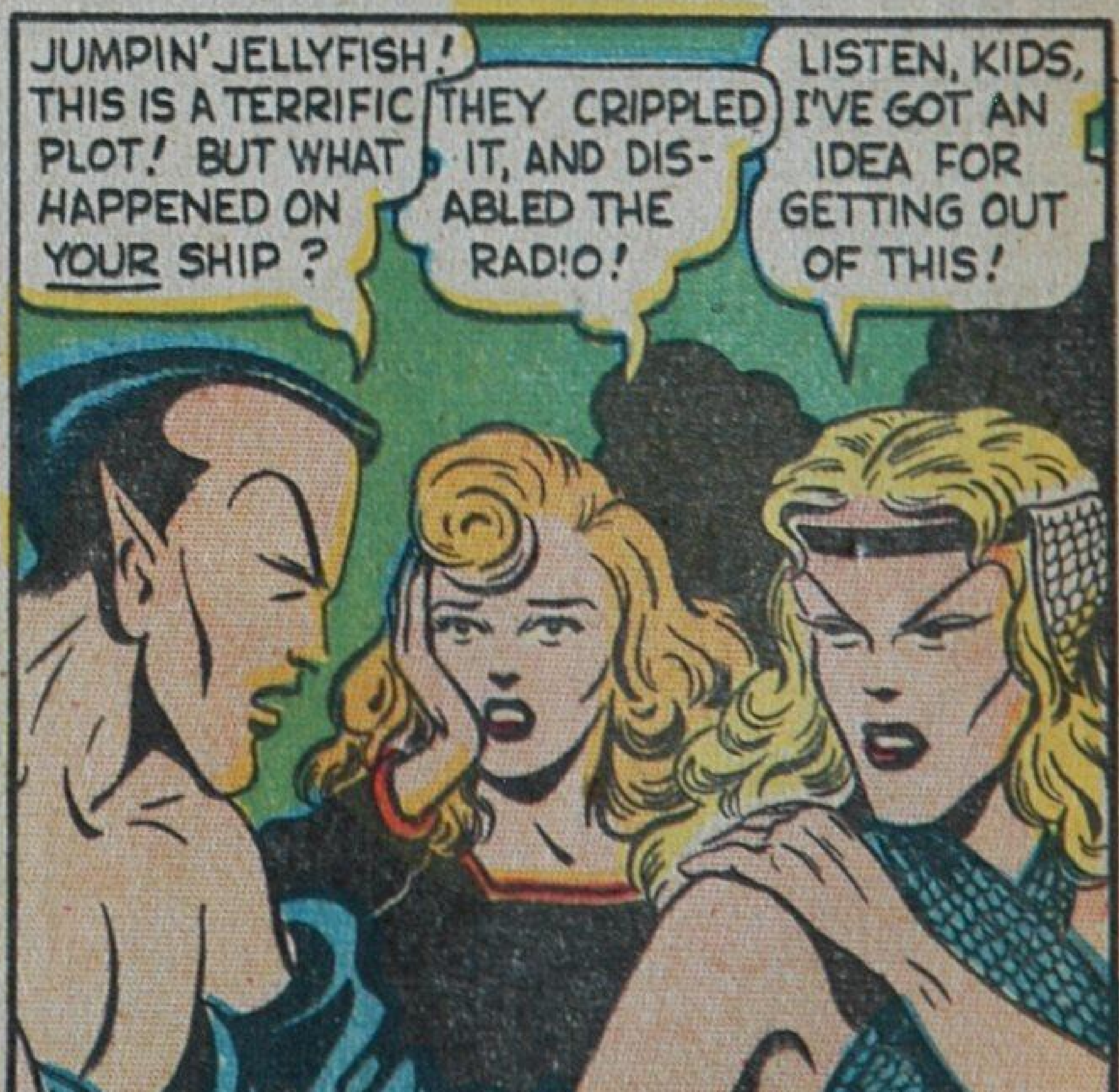

MISTER JONES! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?
SHUT UP, SKIPPER! FISHFACE IS RIGHT! WE'RE TAKING OVER! LOCK 'EM UP BELOW, LADS!


BUT THIS IS MUTINY, JONES! YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH IT!
I SAID SHUT UP, CAP'N! HELM HARD A-PORT, SMITH --- NOR'EAST-BY-EAST! WE'LL GET TO HANK AND JIGGER AND THE BOSS IN AN HOUR!


AND AS THE SHIP'S CHRONOMETER CHIMES OUT EIGHT BELLS - MIDNIGHT, THE TWO SHIPS MEET...
AHOY, JONES! READY?
LOWER AWAY, HANK! WE'LL PICK UP YOUR GIG ON THE AFT STARBOARD CRANE!


MOMENTS LATER, NAMORA AND BETTY - WITH THEIR CAPTORS - ARE TRANSFERRED TO THE GOLD SHIP..


...AND THROWN INTO NAMOR'S IMPROVISED CELL ---
GET GOIN', YOU TWO!
BETTY! NAMORA! HOW ON EARTH ---???


JUMPIN' JELLYFISH! THIS IS A TERRIFIC PLOT! BUT WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR SHIP?
THEY CRIPPLED IT, AND DISABLED THE RADIO!
LISTEN, KIDS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR GETTING OUT OF THIS!

GET BEHIND THE DOOR, NAMOR! BETTY, SCREAM AS LOUD AS YOU CAN! WE'LL SLUG THE GUARDS WHEN THEY COME TO INVESTIGATE --- OKAY?
ROGER!
EEEE-EE-I-I-I-Y!
HE-E-LP!!!
WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOIN' ON ---- YEE-OWP!
UGH!!!
SORRY, PODNUH! TURNABOUT'S FAIR PLAY!
NICE WORK, SUB-MARINER! WHAT NEXT? WE'VE GOT THEIR SIDEARMS!
KEEP THEM COVERED, CAPTAIN! BETTY, SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE YOUR STOLEN PAPERS! NAMORA AND I HAVE A DATE ON THE BRIDGE!
HERE WE ARE! EASY, NOW, NAMORA! THE MATE, JONES, IS IN THE WHEELHOUSE WITH A BIG FAT LUG IN A SILLY COSTUME --- MUST BE THE BOSS --- COME ON – WE CAN TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE!
OKAY, BIRD BRAINS, THE WAR IS OVER!!! GET YOUR HANDS UP, AND BACKS TO THE WALL --- NAMORA, TAKE THEIR GUNS!
WHAT?
YOU HEARD ME! GET ON THE WIRELESS, NAMORA, AND CONTACT THE COAST GUARD! HAVE THEM SEND AN ARMED CUTTER --- MESSAGE CATEGORY: URGENT!
7.

TEN MINUTES LATER ---
HERE'S A LINE, LIEUTENANT! COME ABOARD! WE'VE GOT A CREW OF HIJACKERS HERE!
CG119
CG119
WHERE'S THE RINGLEADER?
YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!!!
LOOK OUT! FAT-STUFF'S MAKING A BREAK!
HEY, YOU! COME BA—
ONE SIDE, SIR! I'VE GOT 'IM!
TOO BAD HE WAS SHOT, BUT HE HAD TO BE STOPPED! WHO IS HE, LIEUTENANT?
LOOKS LIKE THE NUT WHO CALLS HIMSELF "HOP-ALONG" —A NOTORIOUS GOLD COAST PIRATE!
WELL, HE'S HARMLESS NOW! WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT THE OTHER SHIP THAT WAS SET ADRIFT, LIEUTENANT?
WE'LL SEND ANOTHER CUTTER FOR IT, SIR! YOU CAN COME WITH US AND MAKE YOUR REPORT TO THE F.B.I. THROUGH OUR COMMANDANT!
THE FOLLOWING DAY ---
SUB-MARINER, YOU AND NAMORA AND MISS DEAN ARE OFFICIALLY COMMENDED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THIS CONSPICUOUS SERVICE TO YOUR COUNTRY! MAY I CONGRATULATE YOU ALL?
THANK YOU, SIR!
THE END

STAMP NEWS

"THAT SYLVIA MAKES YOU LAUGH."

STATE COLLEGE
~~DATE BUREAU~~
BABY SITTING AND
SHOPPING SERVICE

CAPTAIN AMERICA

SUB-MARINER COMICS

MARVEL COMICS

FOR THE BEST IN ADVENTURE COMIC READING!

By KENT B. STILES

When political independence is achieved by a people, postal paper invariably is issued which reflects such transition. So it is now with Burma, which was a British possession in Asia and which was part of India prior to April of 1937.

Burma's attainment of freedom from Great Britain on Jan. 6, 1948, is accompanied by a definitive series of postal stamps which reflect the circumstances that Burma is now a sovereign nation in its own right.

The Burmese postal administration has selected as the central design of Burma's new stamps a portrait of a man who sacrificed his life in behalf of the people he led – U Aung San, an Army General who was Burma's Premier.

After Britain promised Burma independence, following the defeat of the Japanese who had invaded Burma during World War Two, the Burmese set up what was known as an "Interim Government" to prepare for the day (this Jan. 6) of freedom. U Aung San was chairman of the Executive Council which exercised political control during the interim period, and his title was Prime Minister.

On July 19, 1947, gunmen representing U Aung San's enemies forced their way into the legislative chamber while the executive body was in session at Rangoon, Burma's capital city. The gunmen sprayed the room with bullets, and U Aung San and five other interim leaders were assassinated. So it was logical that the Burmese should, with reverence, place U Aung San's likeness on the first definitive stamps.

U Aung San was born in 1914. When Japanese forces first penetrated Burma he favored their cause for a time but he soon became disillusioned and joined the British as leader of the Burmese National Army, the resistance force against the Japanese.

The definitive stamps bearing U Aung San's portrait replaced a series which had been temporarily in use. That provisional postal group comprises Burma's 1946 stamps (issued while Burma was part of the British Empire and carrying a portrait of King George VI) overprinted with native characters signifying "Interim Government." Denominations and colors of the stamps in the provisional interim series are 3-pies brown, 6p violet, 9p dull green, 1-anna deep blue, 1½a salmon, 2a carmine, 2a6p greenish blue, 3a blue-violet, 3a6p ultramarine and gray-black, 4a rose-lilac, 8a deep magenta, 1-rupee deep magenta and dark violet, 2r salmon and red-brown, 5r red-brown and dark green, 10r dark violet and carmine

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Dick Ericson

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BELMONT STAMP CO., Dept. 85, Washington 10, D.C.

BLONDE PHANTOM
JUVENILE DELINQUINCY *MUST BE* STOPPED!
YOU'RE RIGHT, OFFICER! BECAUSE THE ***WAYWARD YOUTH*** OF TODAY BECOMES THE ***THIEF AND MURDERER*** OF TOMORROW!
WHAT MAKES A CRIMINAL AND KILLER? IS IT AN UNBREAKABLE PATTERN, BEGINNING WITH PETTY THIEVERY AND LEADING SURELY AND UNWAVERINGLY TO A LIFE OF CRIME, ENDING ULTIMATELY IN MURDER? JACK BERTELLI AND **THE BLONDE PHANTOM**, SETTING OUT TO BREAK THIS PATTERN, FIND THEIR ENTIRE FIGHT AGAINST EVIL SYMBOLIZED IN THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN...
"THE COP AND THE KID!"
1946

"DOWN BY THE BRIDGE" IS NOTORIOUSLY THE TOUGHEST PART OF TOWN...
MARK, IF THIS KEEPS UP, THERE'S GOING TO BE A HOUSING SHORTAGE IN THE CITY JAIL!
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE-THREE ARRESTS IN THREE HOURS, AND ALL WITHIN A FEW BLOCKS!
BUT CAN'T MEN LIKE THAT BE REFORMED?
IT'S LIKE TEACHING AN OLD DOG NEW TRICKS!
IT'S THE KIDS WHO COUNT... AND COPS LIKE JACK BERTELLI!
JACK BERTELLI — THE YOUNG PATROLMAN WHO IS ORGANIZING THE BOYS ON HIS BEAT INTO ATHLETIC TEAMS?
P.D.
SURE, THAT'S JACK! AND IF I DIDN'T HAVE BUSINESS AT THE OFFICE, I'D TAKE YOU OVER TO MEET HIM!
PLEASE, MARK- COULDN'T I WALK OVER TO HIS BEAT AND INTRODUCE MYSELF?
LOUISE, THERE ARE TIMES WHEN THIS CURIOSITY OF YOURS REMINDS ME OF THE BLONDE PHANTOM!
MARK, YOU FLATTERER!
BUT A SHORT TIME LATER, ON JACK BERTELLI'S BEAT...
NO DANGER OF THOSE KIDS GETTING INTO MISCHIEF—NOT WITH JACK HANDLING THEM!
JOE'S SPORTING GOODS
2

COME BACK! STOP—THIEF!
APPARENTLY, JACK HASN'T GOT EVERYONE PLAYING BALL HIS WAY!
WHOA!
HOLD ON TO HIM, BLONDE PHANTOM... IT'S JIMMY!
HE WAS TRYIN' TA STEAL A CATCHER'S MITT!
JIMMY'S THE BOY I'VE BEEN TRYING TO SIGN UP AS CATCHER ON THE "LOTUS STREET SLUGGERS" FOR THE LAST MONTH!
LAY OFF, COPPER! I DIDN'T STEAL NOTHIN'!
YA SEE? THERE'S NOTHING IN THE SATCHEL EXCEPT ME BOOTBLACK STUFF! YA SEE, COPPER?
LITTLE JIMMY CERTAINLY HAS A FULL-GROWN DISLIKE FOR THE POLICE!
I'M SORRY, KID! THERE'S NOTHING MISSING! I JUST MADE A MISTAKE!
YOU OUGHT TO BE SORRY, MISTER!
LISTEN TO HIM, WILL YA? THE COPPER'S STICKING UP FOR ME!
YEAH, BUT JUST WAIT TILL YOU REALLY GET SOMETHING ON ME! THEN IT'S THE RUBBER HOSE— JUST LIKE ME UNCLE PETE SAYS!
YOU HAVE SOME WRONG IDEAS, JIMMY! AND SO DOES YOUR UNCLE PETE!

COPS AREN'T SUCH BAD GUYS! ASK RABBIT, OR BUTCH, WHO'S CAPTAIN OF THE "LOTUS STREET SLUGGERS!"
YEAH? WELL, I DON'T LIKE COPS! AND NO KID I'M TAKING CARE OF HAS TO LIKE 'EM EITHER, SEE?
COME ON, KID! LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE WISE GUY BERTELLI THINKS UP SOMETHING TO RUN US IN FOR!
THIS UNCLE PETE SURE IS POISON!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BLONDE PHANTOM! I'VE GOT EVERY KID ON THE BEAT SEEING THINGS MY WAY EXCEPT JIMMY!
MAYBE JIMMY CAN'T HELP HIMSELF!
YOU MEAN BECAUSE OF UNCLE PETE'S TALK?
PARTLY! AND MAYBE JIMMY HAS A REAL REASON TO FEAR THE POLICE!
BUT NEITHER JIMMY NOR PETE HAS EVER BEEN ARRESTED FOR ANY CRIME!
JUST THE SAME, IT WOULDN'T BE A BAD IDEA TO FOLLOW PETE AND SEE HOW HE MAKES HIS LIVING!
A SHORT TIME LATER, IN THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...
WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS CAN PETE HAVE IN THE EXCHANGE BUILDING?
QUICK! BACK INTO THIS DOORWAY!
IT'S JIMMY—SETTING UP HIS BOOTBLACK STAND AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE EXCHANGE!

THIS IS A COINCIDENCE!
I DON'T THINK IT'S JUST BY CHANCE THAT JIMMY IS SHINING SHOES OUTSIDE THE BUILDING HIS GUARDIAN JUST ENTERED!
BUT WHAT'S THE "RACKET?"
IT MIGHT BE A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD DODGE!
HELP! POLICE!
IT'S UNCLE PETE!
PICKPOCKETING!
STOP HIM! HE'S GOT MY WALLET!
I'M A COP, BUT NO TRACK STAR!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, JACK! YOU COULDN'T CATCH HIM IN THAT CROWD! BUT WE CAN CATCH JIMMY!
WELL, WELL! HOW'S THE SHOE SHINE BUSINESS, JIMMY?
HEY! LEMME GO! I AIN'T DONE NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL!
WHY ARE YOU OUTSIDE THIS PARTICULAR BUILDING, JIMMY?
UNCLE PETE PICKS POCKETS, DOESN'T HE, JIMMY? AND USUALLY HE PASSES THE STOLEN GOODS TO YOU IF HE GETS INTO TROUBLE, DOESN'T HE?

UNCLE PETE SCARED YOU INTO STOOGING FOR HIM, DIDN'T HE, JIMMY?
I AIN'T SCARED OF NOTHING! NOT EVEN OF DOING 199 YEARS UP THE RIVER, JUST LIKE UNCLE PETE SAYS YOU COPS'LL GIVE ME!
AW, GEE! A KID LIKE ME H-HASN'T GOT A CHANCE!
MY KIDS HAVE AN EVEN CHANCE, JIMMY!
IF THEY PLAY IT SQUARE!
CHEE! I DON'T KNOW WHO I'M MORE AFRAID OF—THE COPS OR MY UNCLE PETE!
WE'RE GOING TO LET YOU GO, JIMMY, SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF US!
BUT YOU SHOULD BE AFRAID OF PETE! HE'LL LEAD YOU RIGHT INTO ONE OF THOSE 199 YEAR JAIL SENTENCES!
OKAY! BUT I AIN'T SQUEALIN' ON HIM, SEE? I'LL JUST LEAVE THE BUM AND LIVE WITH ME-AH-OLDER BROTHER!
BUT LATER, WHEN JIMMY COMES TO SAY GOOD-BY TO HIS UNCLE PETE...
YEAH, SO THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, PETE! YOU AND ME IS THROUGH!
SO YOU'RE WELCHING ON ME, EH, KID?
WELL, KID, I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE YOU A PARTING PRESENT!

JUST SOMETHING TO REMEMBER ME BY, IF YOU EVER WAKE UP AGAIN!
NO! DON'T! PETE!
MEANWHILE...
BUTCH, HERE, SAYS THAT JIMMY HASN'T ANY OLDER BROTHER TO LIVE WITH!
HE PROBABLY WENT BACK TO TELL UNCLE PETE WHAT HE THINKS OF HIM!
I KNOW PETE'S HIDEOUT, JACK!
SHORTLY...
COME BACK HERE, YOU LITTLE URCHIN!
CRASH!
HELP! HE'S TRYING TO KILL ME!
I'LL KILL YOU IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!
FRIENDLY FELLOW!
CHEE! I WAS NEVER SO GLAD TO SEE A DAME IN ME LIFE!
AND THESE ARE JUST SO WE DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH YOU TILL THE WAGON ARRIVES, PETE!
OOF!
AND SEVERAL DAYS LATER, DOWN BY THE BRIDGE, WHERE THE KIDS WERE ONCE THE TOUGHEST IN TOWN...
I TOLD YOU JACK BERTELLI WAS A GREAT COP, LOUISE, BUT I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE THIS ENTHUSIASTIC!
IT ISN'T ONLY THE BLONDE PHANTOM WHO LIKES TO SEE A COP TURN SOME REALLY FINE KIDS INTO REALLY FINE BALL PLAYERS!
7
THE END

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4 in.	14¢ ea.	8 in.	30¢ ea.

M FULL BLOCK

Size	Price	Size	Price
1 in.	9¢ ea.	5 in.	17¢ ea.
2 in.	11¢ ea.	6 in.	22¢ ea.
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I can return in 10 days and my money will be refunded.

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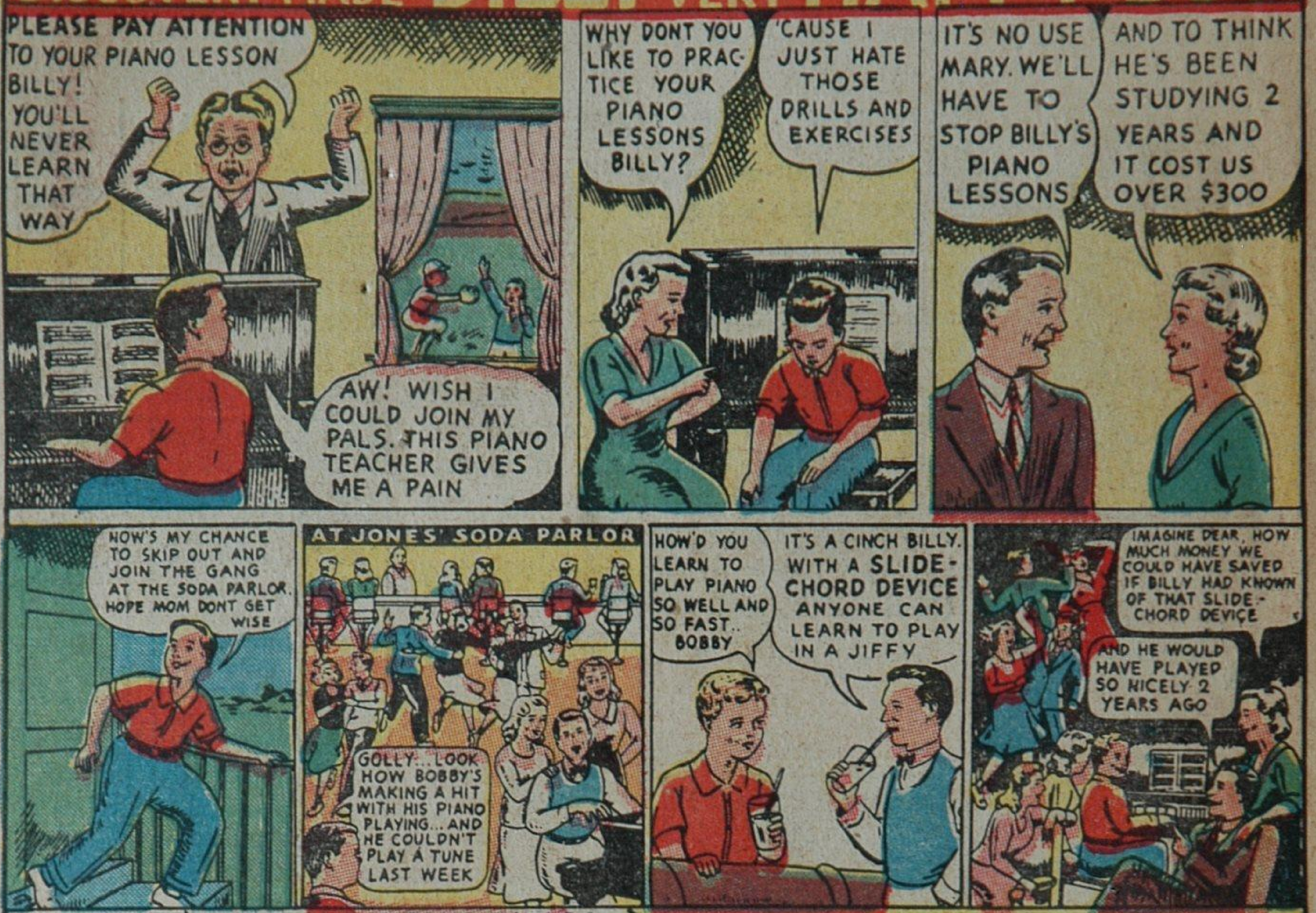
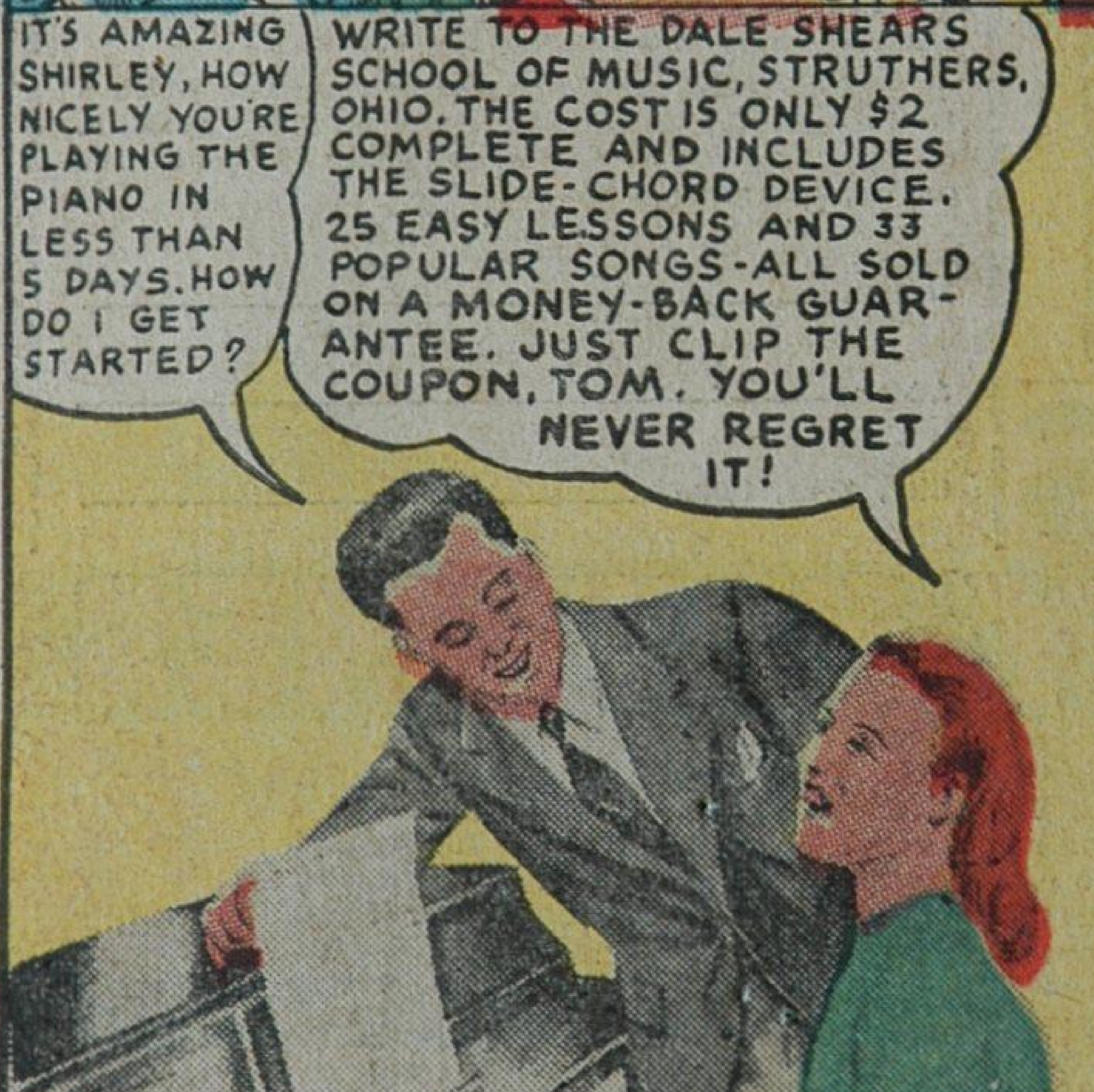
HOW A SIMPLE DISCOVERY MADE BILLY A VERY HAPPY BOY



PLEASE PAY ATTENTION TO YOUR PIANO LESSON BILLY! YOU'LL NEVER LEARN THAT WAY
AW! WISH I COULD JOIN MY PALS. THIS PIANO TEACHER GIVES ME A PAIN
WHY DONT YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?
'CAUSE I JUST HATE THOSE DRILLS AND EXERCISES
IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS
AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER $300
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SKIP OUT AND JOIN THE GANG AT THE SODA PARLOR. HOPE MOM DONT GET WISE
AT JONES' SODA PARLOR
GOLLY...LOOK HOW BOBBY'S MAKING A HIT WITH HIS PIANO PLAYING...AND HE COULDN'T PLAY A TUNE LAST WEEK
HOW'D YOU LEARN TO PLAY PIANO SO WELL AND SO FAST. BOBBY
IT'S A CINCH BILLY. WITH A SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE ANYONE CAN LEARN TO PLAY IN A JIFFY
IMAGINE DEAR, HOW MUCH MONEY WE COULD HAVE SAVED IF BILLY HAD KNOWN OF THAT SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE
AND HE WOULD HAVE PLAYED SO NICELY 2 YEARS AGO



IT'S AMAZING SHIRLEY, HOW NICELY YOU'RE PLAYING THE PIANO IN LESS THAN 5 DAYS. HOW DO I GET STARTED?
WRITE TO THE DALE SHEARS SCHOOL OF MUSIC, STRUTHERS, OHIO. THE COST IS ONLY $2 COMPLETE AND INCLUDES THE SLIDE-CHORD DEVICE. 25 EASY LESSONS AND 33 POPULAR SONGS-ALL SOLD ON A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. JUST CLIP THE COUPON, TOM. YOU'LL NEVER REGRET IT!

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ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it!—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—*in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't*. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 360 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.